Next Month

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THE GERMAN PEOPLE!**

Lewis Galantière

A firm but considered opinion which takes sharp issue with the school of thought that says: "It is not the German people whom the Allies must defeat to save civilization — but only the unscrupulous Nazis who rule them."

THE FUTURE OF THE CCC

Clarence Stephen Marsh

The first educational director of the CCC surveys the accomplishments of one of the few New Deal innovations not regarded with horror by all Republicans and gives his opinion of its proper place as a permanent institution.

BRITAIN AND INDIA

Sir Alfred Watson

The British Empire, its very existence now threatened by war, is having another internal crisis in India — how serious a crisis is not yet evident. The former editor of the *Calcutta Statesman* here presents the English Tory point of view on the Indian muddle. "The British conscience," he says, "is clear."

FACING A SENSE OF FAILURE

Avis D. Carlson

Americans, by and large, once made a cult of "success." In the past ten years a multitude of them have found, painfully, that, by even modest material standards, they are failures. Does this mean the beginning of a new standard of values for average Americans — or does it mean a nation of frustrated personalities?

THE FRENCH JOHN LEWIS

Jacques Maréchal

The jealous and powerful organized labor of France, the Confédération Generale du Travail, headed by the mighty Leon Jouhaux, is, as befits an organization of good patriots, taking a little vacation for the duration of the war. But its power is only put by, not curbed. At the war's end, whether in victory or defeat, Jouhaux will remain among the most powerful men in France. M. Maréchal tells you what manner of man wields this tremendous authority.

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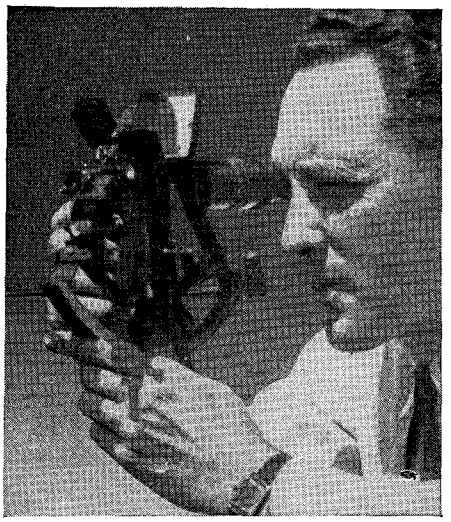

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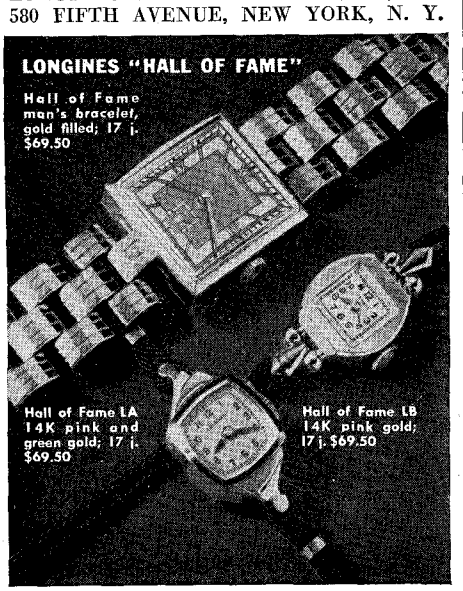
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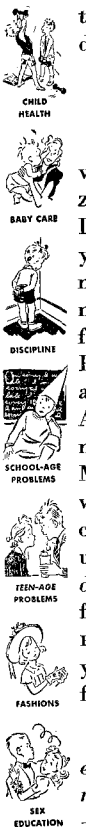

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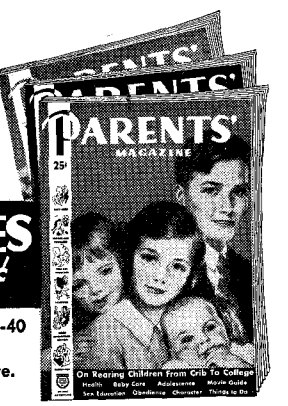

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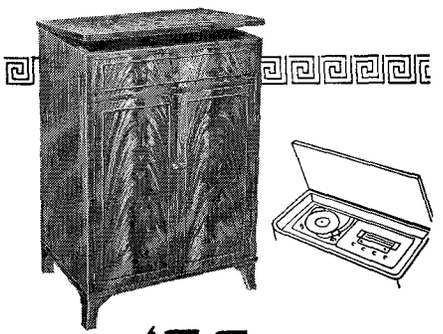

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FORUM and Century
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TOASTS

I. D. W. TALMADGE is a former New York newspaperman who has written extensively on world affairs for American and foreign publications. He spent three years in Russia, where he was a member of the editorial staff of the *Moscow Daily News* and also served in the Moscow Bureau of the Associated Press.

DALE KRAMER, thirty-year-old native of Sigourney, Iowa (where his parents still live), had been away from his home town twelve years until a recent visit there. Meanwhile he had been working in various parts of the country as an editor and reporter. He recently completed a novel about the farm "revolt" of the early nineteen thirties.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN, the well-known writer of light verse, published a new collection of his stanzas, called *Lyric Laughter*, last fall.

RUSSELL is the pen name taken by a young Englishman, a resident of Suffolk. By profession he is (or was, until the war brought such occupations to a standstill) an expert on antiques.

N. V. FETTERLY is a member of the Roman Catholic Church who lives in a town in the Middle West.

The **ANONYMOUS** author of "My Career on the WPA" is twenty-eight years old. Prior to the events described in his article, he worked as a truck driver, newspaper solicitor, highway straw boss, salesman, cook, cottonseed millhand, talker and grinder for carnival shows, and free-lance journalist.

WEBB WALDRON, editor and author, has written a number of books, both fiction and nonfiction, and contributed to a long list of magazines.

WALTER SELDEN graduated from Amherst College in 1933 and subsequently worked in the sales and distribution department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Boston and Detroit. He is now on the editorial staff of *Motion Picture Herald*.

RICHARD B. SCANDRETT, JR., head of the New York law firm of Scandrett, Tuttle & Chalaire, is President of Survey Associates, Treasurer of the American Committee for Christian Refugees, and an occasional writer of magazine articles. A Republican, he was once a candidate for United States Representative-at-large from New York State.

SVEN HEDIN, Swedish explorer of world-wide fame, is reputedly a close friend of Adolf Hitler, and, shortly before this issue went to press, was rumored to have paid a secret visit to the German Chancellor.

CORDELL HULL has made reciprocal trade agreements a cornerstone of his policy as Secretary of State in two Roosevelt administrations.

ARTHUR CAPPER, Republican from Kansas, has held a seat in the United States Senate since 1919.

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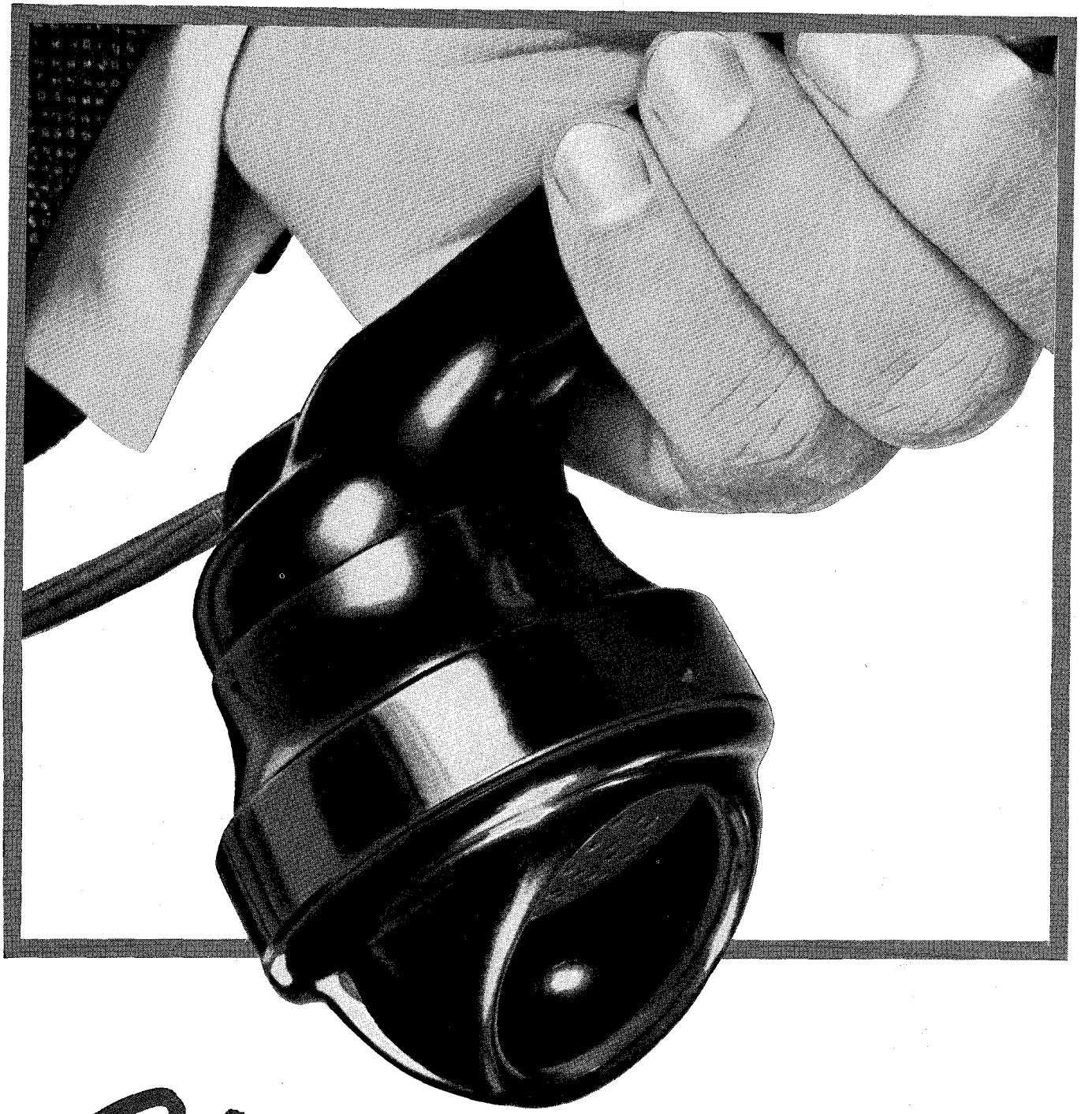

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APRIL, 1940 VOL. CIII, NO. 4

The Man Stalin Couldn't Purge

by **I. D. W. TALMADGE**

If ability to get along with one's superiors is a mark of greatness, Marshal Boris Mikhailovich Shaposhnikov is a veritable genius. In his brief but bright career, Russia's present chief of staff has successively been honored by the Czar, the short-lived democratic government, Leon Trotsky, and Josef Stalin — which is no mean feat under Soviet purgative conditions. Recently he was in full command of the Finnish invasion, answerable only to the grim-visaged inhabitant of the Kremlin.

By virtue of his number-one position in the Soviet army, Marshal Shaposhnikov is the man of the hour in Russia today. Some observers see in him the logical successor to Stalin as head of a military dictatorship. Be that as it may, Shaposhnikov is assured a place in history because — if for no other reason — he is the one person whom Josef Stalin is afraid to purge.

Despite the embarrassments suffered by the invaders of Finland, Shaposhnikov continues to ride high. On January 1, Josef Stalin bestowed on him the coveted Order of Lenin, Russia's topmost decoration. The official citation read: "To Chief of Staff, Comrade Shaposhnikov, for" — of all things — "his successful work in directing the operations of the Red Army."

Marshal Shaposhnikov is the last of the old guard of army leaders to survive the numerous revolutions and purges in his country. It may have been his aptitude as a strategist which enabled him to weather the various political storms and adjust himself to every regime in power. The fact remains that, although many of his closest associates paid with their lives, Shaposhnikov always managed to come out on top.

While the Kremlin chieftains were zigzagging their diplomatic orientations, the Marshal was steadfastly poring over military maps and devising new tactics of war. Poland, particularly, is his specialty. He is the author of *On the Banks of the Vistula*, a military survey of the 1920 campaign in which the reds drove Pilsudski's legions from Kiev to the very gates of Warsaw. At that time, Stalin's present chief of staff was an aide-de-camp to the dictator's archenemy, Leon Trotsky. This scholarly account of the war against Poland, it is rumored, was carefully studied by the Nazi high command prior to the German invasion of the country.

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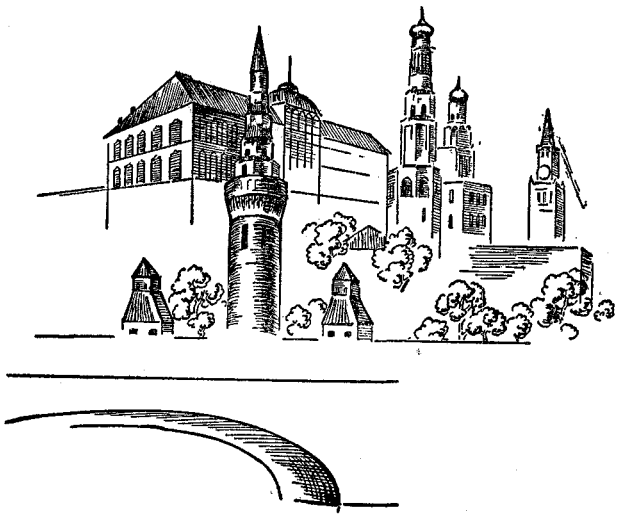

It is Marshal Shaposhnikov — and not Klementy Voroshilov, the nominal Soviet war lord — who is regarded in Moscow army circles as the foremost military theoretician of the U.S.S.R. He was charged with the task of conducting the abortive staff talks with the British and French military missions and later was called to Stalin's side during the negotiations with Joachim von Ribbentrop. Because of his deep knowledge and long approbation of the German war machine, Shaposhnikov is reputed to have influenced Stalin to conclude the Moscow-Berlin pact.

If Marshal Shaposhnikov entertains any secret dictatorial aspirations, he is careful not to show them. Extremely reticent and self-effacing, Shaposhnikov spurns all publicity and is virtually unknown outside the confines of the Soviet army. These qualities and his mild, almost professorial, manner, have endeared him to the commanding personnel of the army. Of medium height, with closely cropped hair and steel-gray eyes, he looks the part of the typical Russian imperial officer and, in mufti, could pass for a habitué of a white-Russian café in Paris. His few intimate friends describe him as a Russian patriot, first and foremost. He served the Soviets for thirteen years before becoming a communist and had been chief of the general staff of the red army for two years prior to joining the Party.

II

THE GREATEST BLOW sustained by Marshal Shaposhnikov in his eventful career was the execution, a little over two years ago, of eight Soviet generals on charges of treason. The group included several of his closest colleagues, among them the brilliant Marshal M. N. Tukhachevsky — another former czarist officer, who was Shaposhnikov's comrade in arms during the Polish war in 1920.

Unlike the present chief of staff, Tukhachevsky had been a Communist Party member since 1918, and, although eleven years younger than Shaposhnikov, he had served as the latter's superior officer in many campaigns. Together with other army authorities, Shaposhnikov recognized in Tukhachevsky the most gifted tactical strategist produced by the revolution. His popularity extended to military circles abroad and had earned for him the sobriquet of the "Red Napoleon." In the preface to the book on the Polish campaign published in 1924, Shaposhnikov pays a glowing tribute to the military genius of his friend.

Despite these close ties, the Marshal was forced in line of duty to sit as a member of the revolutionary tribunal which court-martialed the eight generals. The chairman of this tribunal was General Yegorov, Marshal Shaposhnikov's immediate predecessor as chief of staff. Several weeks after Yegorov condemned the eight generals to death, he himself was executed as a traitor.

The actual cause of the purge in the red army in 1937 is still pretty much of a mystery. Officially, the laconic explanations in the Soviet press shed little light. The liquidated commanders were charged with conducting secret negotiations with the Reichswehr leaders. In the light of the subsequent Nazi-Soviet pact, this allegation hardly makes sense. The clue is perhaps contained in the reports, which gained wide circulation in Moscow at the time, of serious disagreements between the Communist Party leadership and the army command on the function of "political commissars."

The political commissar is the creature of Leon Trotsky, Red Russia's first war secretary and organizer of her red army. During the civil-war period, Trotsky succeeded in enlisting the support of former czarist officers in building up the Soviet military machine and in commanding the armed forces. To safeguard against betrayals by these officers, trusted Party members were assigned to each regimental staff to countersign all orders. A similar setup was employed by the loyalists in the early months of the recent Spanish conflict.

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The political commissar was responsible for the morale of the troops and for conducting "political literacy" classes — Marxian propaganda and antireligious instruction. His duties also included the teaching of reading and writing. He was, in short, a sort of antireligious army chaplain.

In recent years, however, when red-army recruits consisted exclusively of youths nurtured and educated under Soviet conditions and particularly since over 90 per cent of the commanding personnel were Communist Party members — the political commissar became anachronous. Yet the Soviet bureaucracy continued to cling to the ghost, despite the mounting resentment of the army officialdom, which charged that the Party functionaries — for the most part political sinecurists with no military training — interfered with the expeditious execution of commands and thus seriously impaired the efficiency of the army. Heading the campaign to abolish the political commissars was Marshal Tukhachevsky. His staunchest supporter was, oddly enough, Commissar Gamarnik, the head of the political administration (i.e., the chief of the political commissars) of the red army, who, as a result, was the first to be liquidated in the purge.

On May 11, 1937 — less than a month before Marshal Tukhachevsky and his generals were executed — sweeping reforms were introduced in the red army. The position of the political commissar was strengthened, and his powers increased to exceed those of commanding officers. All military orders, to be valid, had to bear a commissar's signature. He was also given military rank. Thus a regimental commander and the political commissar attached to his staff were both "colonels." Moreover, parallel to army staffs, so-called "military councils" were set up, composed of civilian political leaders. These are the Party check on the army authorities of each district and constitute the governing bodies of the political commissars. The highest of them is the Supreme Military Council, which consists of the bigwigs of the Soviet hierarchy, including War Commissar Voroshilov and Josef Stalin himself. It is noteworthy that among the few military specialists serving on this council is Marshal Shaposhnikov. The relationship between the general staff of the red army and the newly created Supreme Military Council is not unlike that between the bookkeeping staff and the board of directors of a corporation. All decisions of the staff have to be submitted for approval to the Council.

In the wholesale massacre which followed the unsuccessful fight against the political-commissar system, no fewer than thirty thousand red-army officers perished, according to Alexander Barmin, former Soviet Brigadier General. This figure is confirmed also by General Baratier of the French army, who bases his estimate on a report to the Paris government by its army and navy intelligence and its secret service. The French report asserts that, in addition to two thirds of the general-staff officers, about half the officers in other ranks were included in the purge.

If Marshal Shaposhnikov's voice was ever raised against this slaughter of his colleagues, the fact is not on record.

III

Boris Mikhailovich Shaposhnikov was born fifty-seven years ago in the town of Zlatoust, the son of a minor civil-service employee. After the completion of his secondary education, he was admitted to the Moscow Military College, where he won a scholarship to the Imperial Academy of the general staff. In 1910 he was graduated at the top of his class from the Academy and was assigned a commission in the czarist army.

During the World War, Shaposhnikov served at the regimental offices of the Cavalry Division and on the field staff and won prompt promotion to the rank of colonel. As a result of his popularity with the rank and file, his men remained loyal to him after the overthrow of the Czar, and, when the principle of election of army officers was introduced by the repub-

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lican government, the delegates of revolutionary military committees chose Shaposhnikov as commander of the Caucasian Grenadier Division.

In May, 1918, six months after the downfall of the provisional government, Shaposhnikov volunteered his services to the red army, and was appointed by Leon Trotsky as assistant commissar of the operative section of the Supreme Military Council. Later, he was promoted to chief of operations of the field staff of the Revolutionary Military Council of the Republic, retaining this responsible post throughout the civil-war period. He is credited by Soviet historians with the authorship of most of the major plans in the counteroffensives against the "white" and "interventionist" armies. For these distinguished services, he was awarded in 1921 the Order of the Red Banner, at the recommendation of Lenin and Trotsky.

With the termination of the civil war, Shaposhnikov was appointed assistant chief of staff. Thereafter, his progress was rapid. In 1925, he became assistant commander in chief and head of the strategic Leningrad Military District; in 1927, commander of the Moscow garrison; and, finally, the following year, chief of the general staff of the red army.

In recent years, Shaposhnikov has served as Stalin's chief trouble shooter, and has been dispatched by him to various sectors of the Soviet state wherever difficult assignments cropped up. In February, 1932, during a lull in international affairs, Shaposhnikov was appointed commandant of the Frunze Red Banner Military Academy (the Soviet West Point). The Party and the military command recognized the necessity of more advanced training for the army personnel, to keep abreast of the developments in military science since the World War. Special seminar courses at the Academy were conducted by Shaposhnikov for men like War Commissar Voroshilov (who is no great shakes at theory); Marshal Budenny, civil-war hero and organizer of the first Soviet Cossack cavalry; Politburo Member Kaganovich; and, it is said, even Premier Molotov and Josef Stalin.

Following the assassination of Kirov, Stalin's chief lieutenant, on December 2, 1934, when the Soviet government feared a German attack from the Baltic, Shaposhnikov was transferred from the Frunze Academy to head the important Leningrad Military Council. Ultimately, in 1937, after the purging of General Yegorov, Shaposhnikov was named, for the second time, chief of the general staff of the red army, which position he still holds.

At the Eighteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union last year, Shaposhnikov was elected an alternate member of the powerful Central Committee. He also represents a Moscow electoral constituency in the Supreme Soviet (parliament) of the U.S.S.R.

The Marshal is the author of several theoretical works, among them *The Brain of the Army*, a three-volume study of the history and functions of the general staff; *The Cavalry*; and *The Military Operations of the Red Army and Fleet*. The last-named tome contains a florid foreword by Leon Trotsky, and has been banned for some years.

IV

As an old hand at the game, Marshal Shaposhnikov was charged with the task of mapping the invasion of eastern Poland last fall. Although the Poles, already defeated by the Nazis, offered little resistance to the reds, the march through western Galicia was heralded as a great Soviet triumph, and considerably enhanced the prestige of the chief of staff.

Fresh from this "victory," Shaposhnikov was assigned to work out the campaign against Finland. Weeks before the negotiations with that country were begun, Shaposhnikov's project had been completed and approved by the Supreme Military Council and Stalin.

The attack on Finland was carefully thought out and, at least as a plan, showed definite merit. Briefly, it consisted of blocking supplies to the Finns (a) by concerted land, sea, and air operations against the port of Petsamo, in the arctic, with a view to its conquest or destruction, and (b) by cutting Finland in two at her "waistline" through a land drive by three columns eastward to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. These actions were to be followed by intensive aerial and naval operations along the coast of the Gulf of Finland against the fortresses of Viborg, Helsinki, Åbo, and Hangö.

That this plan — praised even by neutral observers — did not fare so well is no longer disputed. The moot question is who, if anyone, will take the rap for its shoddy execution. Will

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Shaposhnikov himself, perhaps, be made the scapegoat for the red army's delays and defeats?

We think not — for the simple reason that Shaposhnikov has grown too strong for even Stalin to tackle!

Shaposhnikov would have had to be quite obtuse, indeed, not to have profited from the mistakes made by Stalin's late adversaries. Bukharin, Rykov, Tomsky, and the "right oppositionists"; Zinoviev, Kamenev, the Trotskyists and "left oppositionists"; Tukhachevsky, with his brilliant galaxy of red-army marshals — all were superb theoreticians but ineffectual politicians. Every one of them committed the same blunders. They were too impatient and hasty. Long before they had succeeded in building up a strong base of mass support, they had already disclosed their plans. It was a cinch for Stalin to crush them.

The purges taught Shaposhnikov a few things. He may be employing, against Stalin, Stalin's own tactics. It will be recalled that, during Lenin's reign, the Father of Bolshevism had no more obedient disciple than Stalin himself. No one kowtowed more to Lenin than the present dictator. He even sided with Trotsky, when it was to his advantage, during Trotsky's heyday. Slowly and cautiously, Stalin built up his organization. He eliminated the left wing of the bolshevik party by joining forces with the rightists and centrists. Then, step by step, he rid himself of all opposition.

Similarly, Shaposhnikov today does not seem to make a move without the express approval and sanction of the Kremlin boss. Few have ever been as demonstrative in their sycophancy to Stalin as Shaposhnikov. As a result, he became Stalin's white-haired boy, and was boosted by him to the highest position in the red army. At every opportunity, Shaposhnikov was played up to the Nazis and the rest of the world as Russia's foremost tactical strategist. To purge him after this build-up would prove too embarrassing to Stalin and might even undermine his partnership with Hitler.

As for the slow progress in Finland, the tendency of Soviet officialdom is to blame: (a) the Comintern — for not pulling off an "uprising of the Finnish masses" — and (b) the intelligence service — for underestimating Finnish military equipment (notably anti-aircraft defenses). Neither of these two organizations is Shaposhnikov's direct responsibility. No fault has been found thus far with his plan of operations, whose very authorship has already been usurped by Stalin.

Doubtless, a quiet little purge has been in progress in the Soviet Union during the past couple of months; how many of the small fry have been done away with is unknown. Among the big shots affected by the shakeup are two highly protected bureaucrats — M. M. Kaganovich and General K. A. Meretskov. The first-named was removed from the post of People's Commissar for Aircraft Industries. He is the brother of L. M. Kaganovich, member of the powerful Politburo, who is regarded as the number-three man in the Stalin hierarchy. General Meretskov, until he was deposed in the "reorganization," was nominally in charge of operations in Finland (the chief of attack, so to speak). He was the head of the Leningrad Military District, which conducted the campaign against the Finns. Meretskov was considered a Shaposhnikov stooge, and owed his appointment to the chief of staff, who was his predecessor in the Leningrad position.

Those who were inclined to interpret the replacement of Meretskov by General Stern as a reprimand to Marshal Shaposhnikov were gravely mistaken — for two days later came the announcement of the award of the Order of Lenin to the chief of staff, dispelling all rumors of a rift with Stalin.

What actually happened only those closest to the Kremlin know. It is apparent, however, that Stalin did not dare go the whole way. In Shaposhnikov he, at long last, found a man with whom he could not trifle.

If there is a showdown between the two, Shaposhnikov, in charge of the red army and in close association with the Nazi high command, has more than an even chance for success. Despite the Hitler-Stalin honeymoon, the *Führer* would unquestionably prefer a military dictatorship in Russia to the present regime.

Shaposhnikov is too shrewd an opportunist not to realize this. Is he just biding his time? Will he take advantage of his position when the opportune moment arises?

The world will do well to keep an eye on this former czarist colonel who is now in command of Russia's red legions. Marshal Shaposhnikov may yet prove to be Stalin's nemesis.

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Main Street in 1940: Sigourney, Iowa

by **DALE KRAMER**

DURING THE 'TWENTIES a whole school of writers gained a comfortable living by the relatively simple process of ridiculing Main Street. Sinclair Lewis was discoverer and a chief exploiter of the vein, his works being largely responsible for the assumption that America's commercialism sprang from the small town. H. L. Mencken agreed but added a bitter charge of responsibility for Prohibition.

Doubtless the arraignment was not without some justification on both counts. A success itself, Main Street, like any self-made man, was willing to advise others on the proper conduct of their private and public affairs. And it was but natural that the pioneers, since prosperity came only through hard work and sacrifice, frowned on such time-wasting frivolities as whisky drinking, dancing, card playing, and overindulgence in the reading of books.

But, when, through Prohibition, they succeeded in at least partially forcing their code on the rest of the nation, the intellectuals of the cities rebelled, and were joined by the less inhibited sons and daughters of Main Street who had fled their environment. The fight became so extensive that the loudest anti–Main Street gun, Mencken's *American Mercury*, became the 'twenties' symbol of sophistication and the founders of the *New Yorker* established the urbanity of their venture by simply casting an aspersion or two on "the old lady from Dubuque."

Unfortunately, most of the anti–Main Street crusaders turned to political and economic pontification after the stock-market crash of 1929, leaving the small town and its affairs largely unreported these last ten years. What, for example, was the effect of the depression itself on Main Street civilization? Of repeal? Of the New Deal? In short, how does the Main Street of today compare with that of the Lewis-Mencken era?

To answer this question, the writer has examined the business, social, and cultural — with slight excursions into the political and religious — life of Sigourney, Iowa. Sigourney is a Midwestern county-seat town untypical only in that it was named after a poetess, the now almost forgotten Lydia Hunt Sigourney, sweet singer of the middle nineteenth century.

The business houses serving the town's two thousand odd inhabitants and the surrounding farm population are set in a square around a neat, green park in the middle of which rises a three-story stone courthouse, with a six-foot town clock in its tower — the traditional courthouse square. Other essentials of Main Street life necessary for the survey — neat Carnegie library, prosperous movie theatre, the dozen odd bridge and study clubs, a new liquor dispensary — are present, and a touch of color is lent by the community's proximity to two favorite place names of the old Main Street baiters: What Cheer, twelve miles to the west, and Oskaloosa, twenty.

II

MAIN STREET'S economy — the manner in which it gets a living — is properly the first segment of its life to come under examination. Here one is struck by three major circumstances: the small community's relative prosperity, dependence for the latter on a myriad of federal agencies, and, last but not least, the decline of what was loosely known as Babbitry.

It is only necessary to glance around Sigourney's square to see that businessmen are once more feeling good after the dark years of the early 1930's. At night one may count no less than twenty gleaming neon signs, and a

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surprising proportion of the business houses have been remodeled inside and out. The visual impression is confirmed by local bankers, who declare that a majority of businessmen are making a living out of their establishments and that a few manage to put money aside. The percentage of merchants who are solvent is about the same as in the 'twenties, but profits are generally less.

The reason put forward by these local observers for recovery is increased business efficiency. Not so long ago there was much talk of the local merchant's being driven to the wall by chain-store competition, but now he fears the chain unit no more than any other rival — although confident that his profit would be larger if the combination were legislated out of business. Careful buying, excellent display of goods, and strict cash selling have largely solved this phase of the small-town merchant's problem.

The effort to dissolve another difficulty, that of out-of-town trading, has been less successful. Shopping is a major pastime of women everywhere, and those of small communities have more and more taken advantage of the automobile and hard roads to visit the larger stores of nearby cities. As trade slackens, the stocks of those Main Street merchants most affected — dealers in dry goods, wearing apparel, and furniture — narrows, accelerating the trend.

Fittingly — though it is considered a none too healthy development by most economists — the place of leadership formerly held by these businesses has been taken by dealers in the commodity chiefly responsible for their decline, the automobile itself. Sigourney has fourteen garages and service stations, some of them the best money-makers in town. Even lawyers, the writer was informed by a prominent local attorney, find a chief source of income in a motorcar by-product — litigation over highway accidents.

Thus Main Street merchants showed courage and adaptability in meeting the impact of depression and the encroachment of outside competition. But, speaking generally, they refuse to recognize the extent to which the federal treasury is responsible for lifting the black fog which enveloped them at the end of 1932 — an error not indulged in by such a conservative guardian of the public purse as the *Saturday Evening Post*, which often speaks bitterly of Iowa and other hinterland States which draw more money out of the national treasury than they pay in.

There have been the AAA, CWA, PWA, WPA, CCC, FSA, FCA, SSA, SERA — a mouthful for any anti–New Deal orator. They commandeered all available extra space in the courthouse, including the old Assembly Room, crowded the offices under the new post office, and finally overflowed into private buildings. But each has done its bit toward priming the town pump, and more than a little of the water flowing from the spout still comes through the top rather than from the bottom of the well.

Most important, of course, are the AAA and other agricultural agencies, for Main Street merchants are naturally dependent on the patronage of farmers. The "gentle rain of checks" — averaging about $300,000 yearly for Keokuk County — has stimulated buying, while loans from the Farm Security and Farm Credit administrations have liquefied mortgages in the banks and furnished capital for purchase of operating equipment.

Fewer funds have gone directly to town residents, but even these sums have not been inconsequential. Sigourney was one of those many communities which, in the dark days of 1931–32, attempted a public-works program of its own. Men were employed to crush road-surfacing rock in a local quarry and were paid in scrip which eventually was retired by attachment of stamps representing 2 per cent of its face value. In theory, of course, business was to be stimulated by increased buying, but actually the community was only levying on itself a tax for relief, with most of the burden falling on merchants who honored the scrip for purchases. In effect the CWA and later the WPA took over the program, only substituting specie for scrip. Men still work in the quarry, crushing rock for the roads, and their income (employment peak was thirty men, monthly wage $40.50) is equal to a small factory's payroll. Added to this is a tidy community income from the seventy-five pensions paid to Sigourney's aged, as well as from salaries of various administrative officials.

From a short-range view the importance of this federal assistance is recognized, as when fifty Sigourney businessmen journeyed to Des Moines to protest removal of the CCC camp,

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but politically Main Street is a dogged opponent of New Deal "spending." Although Sigourney voters, angry and frightened, turned sharply against Herbert Hoover in 1932, they asserted their basic opposition to change four years later by giving Alf Landon a majority over President Roosevelt. Since that time, charges of radicalism leveled at the New Deal have sunk deeper. Main Street merchants definitely believe themselves a part of "business" and follow the lead of their big brothers in demanding a "chance." That it might only furnish them with an opportunity once more to finance public works without the aid of wealthier taxpayers who pay taxes in neither Sigourney nor Iowa they do not consider and probably will not.

But, if Main Street has returned to the standpat political conservatism of Babbitt, it has not been so quick to readopt the rococo characteristics which made him a butt for wits of the 'twenties. The luncheon clubs meet as of old, with "right thinking" still very much the byword; but the tone is subdued. The early depression years crushed Main Street's pride, of course, reducing its self-assurance, but at least equally important is the fact that in the chastening process the small community developed an ability to look more objectively at itself. For example, Sigourney remembers with more than a little embarrassment the signs, BEST LITTLE CITY IN IOWA, which in the 'twenties adorned the roads leading into town. In short, Main Street took on a degree of sophistication during the past decade — a fact which is even more evident in other phases of community life.

III

No SIGOURNEY HOSTESS has yet telephoned the society editors of the *Sigourney Review* and the *Keokuk County News* to announce that a cocktail party will be held on such and such a date or has reported Martinis in the list of refreshments at a bridge afternoon. When she does, it will be an anticlimax, for the Main Street society revolution has been won. A woman may now serve and drink liquor, in moderation of course, without loss of her honor. She may also smoke, though not on the streets or in public places.

The first guns in this battle were fired some years before the crash — witness the flapper, spiked beer, necking, and the Charleston — but it was not until the old guard had been weakened on the economic front, thereby losing faith in its own general infallibility, that the youthful hordes broke down the barriers of moral righteousness. There were other factors, of course, advertising not being the least. When the first photographs of women smoking cigarettes appeared on billboards ten years ago, they were defaced, but the tobacco companies persevered, spending millions in all advertising fields. Their business judgment, it is now apparent, was good. Movies, too, played an important part in routing old taboos. Women members of the audience identified themselves with the heroine in all other things, and it was only natural that they first accepted, then emulated her cigarette and cocktail.

But not all hostesses serve liquor, and the subject is still a little touchy. Thus this writer does not wish specifically to accuse any of Sigourney's bridge clubs (Idle-A-While, Fortnightly, Matron's, Pastime, Sigourney, Pleasant Hour) of these carryings-on. But the extent to which the moral wave has receded is symbolized by the prominently placed punch bowl, with alcoholic content, at the annual New Year's Eve banquet given by members of the Lion's Club and Junior Chamber of Commerce to their wives, the high point of the social season.

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Like most Main Street towns, however, Sigourney is against the sale of hard liquor over the bar and certainly would outlaw the saloon by local option if the State had not already taken the responsibility (but 3.2 beer is available at three of the five cafés). The Sigourney drinker of hard liquor must first pay one dollar for a permit book, then secure his beverage by the bottle at the State-owned liquor store, where the purchase is entered in a book. His advantage is a 25-per-cent saving over what he would pay in New York, Illinois, or other States licensing private dealers.

Oddly enough, the shift to legal whisky and gin after Repeal was slow. Two factors seem to have been responsible. First, youthful drinkers, having known little or nothing else, actually preferred the taste of near beer spiked with alcohol. Second, older men were intimidated by the indignant eyes of the moral element peering through the plate-glass window of the converted bank building, as they waited furtively for their orders to be wrapped. As a result, illegal sale of liquor flourished for some years, until the drinking of liquor became respectable and the younger generation's taste had improved. A few bootleggers still exist, but their living is a poor one, gained from sales to minors and WPA-relief clients, who are barred from the State liquor store. But even this market is cut by the ability of nearly everyone to find an obliging friend or acquaintance who will make his purchase without fee.

No one can say with exactness, of course, whether the total consumption of intoxicants is more or less than during the 'twenties, but it appears that the increase in their use by the ladies is offset by a somewhat greater sobriety in the younger generation. Graver responsibility in an uncertain world, as well as better liquor, has undoubtedly contributed to the decline of drunkenness among youth, but more important is the simple fact that drinking lacks the romance of a decade ago.

In the pre-Prohibition period, a chief topic around high schools was the merit, price, and availability of "donkey," as raw alcohol was affectionately termed. Spines of eighteen-year-olds shivered delightfully as, automobile lights cut off, they drove up dark lanes to half-abandoned farmhouses and waited breathlessly for the bootlegger's mysterious emergence from the shadows. Reports went out of "tins" of the precious liquid buried here and there by the bulk-buying thrifty, and expeditions of the unscrupulous were organized to seek them out. It was high adventure, these young men and their girls sitting in restaurants beneath the inevitable "No Spiking" signs, hands busy under the table pouring alcohol into bottles of near beer; and often, in the excitement, too much was consumed, or the varying potency of the beverage wrought havoc with the drinker's judgment. A general rowdiness resulted, particularly at dances, where it was not uncommon for the young men of Sigourney to engage in mass combat with those of some nearby town — usually What Cheer, which Sigouronians always considered an underhanded settlement, its young given to playing dirty in football and its elders not above the outright purchase of referees and umpires.

This is not to say, of course, that Main Street's youth suddenly eschewed all semblance of undecorous behavior. But the jitterbug is less raucous than the flapper, the whisky–and–lime-rickey–drinking young man less rowdy than the "donkey" tippler.

IV

Since to show the effects of repeal it has been necessary to dwell at some length on the drinking habits of Sigourney's population, it would seem well at this point to strike a bal-

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ance with a report of the community's less frivolous activities.

It is possible to state, for example, that, despite their loss of the cocktail war, Main Street's church societies are still stronger in point of membership than the bridge clubs. Sigourney has its Methodist Guild, St. Mary's Altar Society (Catholic), Presbyterian Kensington Society, Women's Council of the Church of Christ, Evangelical Service Circle, Baptist Sew and So Society, to mention the chief groups, while several of the churches also maintain missionary societies. In these the neighborly, helping-hand spirit of an earlier pioneer society is maintained, although it is to be expected that the quiet atmosphere of the quilting circle suffers occasional disruption as members discuss a card party which is known to be going full blast at such and such a house on that very afternoon.

In certain respects, however, the churches have accepted modernization. For one thing, the old-fashioned fire-and-brimstone revival meeting is, in general, a thing of the past; most of the younger ministers are opposed to conversion by this method. The tendency to a calmer spiritual approach has also obliterated another familiar institution, the Sunday-school "contest." There was a day when Sigourney's Methodists so aggressively competed with those of Delta, seven miles to the west, that other Sunday schools were emptied. It is natural, too, that in an age of economic upheaval the preachers are taking a greater interest in social and political problems.

Not all Main Street churches are so fortunate as to participate in a twenty-thousand-dollar legacy willed for the specific purpose of encouraging Sunday-school attendance. Sigourney's do — the donor was a former resident, Sandy Moody, a thrifty bachelor, who spent the major portion of his life as a proofreader for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* — but the number of churches is in normal relation to the population, and the standard of living of their ministers is average. Of the seven churches, the Methodist, Presbyterian, Church of Christ, German Evangelical, and Catholic support regular pastors, while the Baptist and Adventist do not. Each minister is furnished with a parsonage and is paid $1,500 to $1,800 annually, a few hundred dollars less than his pre-1930 compensation.

But, if Main Street towns are seldom lucky enough to benefit from the philanthropy of a Sandy Moody, the furor which later resulted from his action is typical of those waves of passion which occasionally sweep a small community, dividing it into warring camps.

Sigourney had almost forgotten Sandy Moody when, four years ago, it read in the daily newspapers that he had died, leaving the proceeds of his life's toil to Sigourney. A few items were stipulated: five thousand dollars for a rest room at the cemetery, one thousand directly to each of four churches, five hundred for three stone seats in the courtyard (inscribed on them are the words *Friendship, Sandy Moody*), and two thousand for play equipment to be placed in the community grove at the edge of town. But more than twenty thousand dollars were left

> for the use and benefit of children in and about the town of Sigourney for the purpose of encouraging children to attend Sunday school and to acquire Christian ideals and habits necessary for useful citizens.

The difficulty arose in the interpretation of this clause. The church groups were of the conviction that all residue should go directly to the Sunday schools; the fund's board of trustees, made up of local bankers, attorneys, and businessmen, held that it might be distributed for Boy Scout work and other secular youth activities, on the ground that they, too, encouraged Christian ideals. As a result of the deadlock, no money was distributed at all.

Then the church women acted. First selecting as official orators ten women from each of the four churches named for specific benefits (Methodist, Church of Christ, Presbyterian, Baptist), they called a mass meeting, and the board was bidden for a discussion of the issues. Whether the trustees were improperly notified, as was later claimed, or whether fear of the staggering opposition of forty women debaters was too much for them, the board failed to show up. Angered, the women drafted a set of resolutions, which they ordered inserted in the local newspapers, and delivered one final ultimatum to the trustees. This time the trustees came, but all except two resigned before a single speaker could get to her feet. It was a victory for the women, though. A new board, appointed by the court, soon authorized four thousand dollars for the purchase of Sunday-

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school equipment, the Catholic and German Evangelical churches also benefiting, this time.

Fitting into the older Main Street social pattern, too, are the numerous lodges, patriotic societies, and "study" clubs. Of these, only the latter have shown an inclination to change, and a discussion of them fits more smoothly into the next section, a consideration of the reading habits and other cultural phases of Main Street life.

V

SUCCEEDING GENERATIONS of Sigourney's youth have pulled open the heavy plate-glass door of the red-brick Carnegie library, piled their hats and coats on the broad shelf over the radiator at the top of the short flight of stairs, and padded silently across the rubber-matted floor to the bookshelves and magazine tables. On school nights, the heavy oak tables are surrounded by boys and girls of high-school age looking up assignments given them by their teachers; armloads of books are carried home by children of all ages. But somehow the library's presence has not resulted in an appreciation of contemporary literature.

Interest in the nation's major novelists is about nil: Theodore Dreiser is represented in the library by only a single work, his nonfiction *Twelve Men;* Sherwood Anderson by only *Poor White;* Hemingway by his latest, *The Fifth Column and the First 49 Stories*. There is no Wolfe, Caldwell, Dos Passos, or Faulkner. Of the important writers only Sinclair Lewis and Willa Cather are well represented, though excluded were the former's *Elmer Gantry* and the latter's *A Lost Lady*.

The fact is that Main Street's literary affairs are inexorably dominated by that singular figure of American letters, Zane Grey. Of 104 books purchased during the first half of 1939, twelve, mostly replacements of worn-out volumes, were from Mr. Grey's pen. Other popular authors but trailing at a considerable distance are Gene Stratton-Porter, Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, Lloyd C. Douglas, James Oliver Curwood, and Peter B. Kyne, while Edgar Rice Burroughs would undoubtedly fare very well if the librarian had not some years ago taken a notion to censor him by the simple process of neglecting to reorder his books. These, with mystery stories, nonfiction works on aviation and exploration (Admiral Byrd's *Alone* and Anne Lindbergh's *Listen! the Wind* were in some demand), and children's books comprise most of the titles which pass over the librarian's desk at an average rate of fifty a day.

The search for signs of vegetation in this wasteland is not very encouraging, although a few are discoverable. The most important educational force is the radio, and, if the literary tastes of Main Street improve, it will be largely because this institution takes fuller advantages of its opportunities. The possibilities are demonstrated by a sharp increase in demand at the public library for titles discussed by a book commentator on the Iowa State College station at Ames. Meanwhile the women's study groups hear book reviews and occasionally discuss a short story which has been read aloud from one or another of the "quality" magazines. Sigourney has its Stitch and Study Club and Women's Club, both devoting the major portion of each meeting to literary and educational subjects, while the Alpha Delphian Chapter regularly pursues a course of study laid out by its national officers.

Against these encouraging factors is the inability of the library to stock even a fraction of the volumes in which the community should be interested, and here the depression struck the small-town reader a hard blow. Looking about for a budget item to slash, the eyes of the town council were apt to light first on the library tax levy. For example, the Sigourney library's annual predepression budget for book purchases was two thousand dollars, against four hundred at the present time. After the purchase of replacements, there is naturally little remaining for the acquisition of new books. In querying the Sigourney library to discover the local attitude toward John Steinbeck's social and, from some points of view, slightly salacious novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*, this writer learned that the work created no problem — for the simple reason that, having spent its half-year budget, the library's board was not considering new books.

Thus, since the taste of Main Street's reading public has not developed to a point where it will clamor on its own account for more and better fare and because local councilmen are unlikely to increase taxes for a project they are apt to consider frivolous, any hope of returning the library item in the budget to the old figure seems to lie in a possible crusade by the

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women's study groups. They would be irresistible in such an action. Undoubtedly some groups have already brought pressure on their local lawmaking bodies; others, probably, have merely failed to think of it or are unaware that budgets are but a shadow of their former substance.

Bearing more directly on Main Street's life than the library is the moving-picture theatre, and here it is possible to present a somewhat more encouraging report. Audiences are demanding a higher quality in plot, direction, and acting.

This is not to say, however, that the movie-going public has suddenly grown sophisticated. A survey of the Garden Theatre's offerings reveals Sigourney still partial to the he-man-who-doesn't-want-to-fight-but-has-to type of drama; and, despite the undoubted spurring of liquor drinking and cigarette puffing by the cinema, Sigourney is for the wholesome maiden against the slinky city gal every time. But the manager has been forced to cease booking the Buck Jones–Ken Maynard type of thriller, and even the so-called "horse operas" of the Gene Autry school command only mild interest. Now, when a *Dodge City*, *Stage Coach*, or *Union Pacific* — the old formula more expertly handled — appears on the horizon, he bills it for a four-day run, certain of packed houses. Of course, a picture made from one of Zane Grey's classics is sure-fire, let the producer do his worst.

When no outdoor melodrama is available, the Garden's manager tries to get one of the highly publicized stars in something with plenty of action and not too much sex. Thus Robert Taylor (his producers knew what they were about when he was set to swapping punches on more or less even terms with Wallace Beery) is more popular than the "smoother" Tyrone Power. Sonja Henie, with her skating and wholesome naïvete is popular, and so are Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, particularly when they dance. Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, and Bette Davis emote too freely, embarrassing onlookers. But the Main Street theatre audience is a young one, and the advancement in its taste, although a high degree has not yet been reached, furnishes a glimmer of hope for better things from Hollywood.

On the radio, Main Street likes the favorites of the rest of the nation, with such variations as might be expected from its taste in movies. A survey of Iowa's preferences made by Kansas State College in the spring of 1939 showed Jack Benny the favorite, with Charlie McCarthy second. A slick little fellow, Charlie lost esteem the further he got from the city, the range of popularity being great even between Iowa's cities and her villages. Other national programs followed at a considerable distance, with those of the Fibber McGee type gaining as they progressed into villages and rural areas. Few rooters were found for the darling of Manhattan's intelligentsia, "Information, Please!"

Besides these, Main Street has hardly any cultural contacts. Few books are purchased, while magazine consumption ranges from pulps up the scale to slicks, with readers of the latter apt to consider themselves somewhat highbrow. Naturally there is little or no access to the legitimate theatre, and that old cultural agent, Chautauqua, has for some time been dead or nearly so. Only slightly more life remains in another summer institution: the tent show, with its red-wigged comedian, dastardly villain, and heroine of most spotless virtue. But its final doom has been sealed by the improved critical judgment resulting from a diet of movies; increasing numbers view the melodramas as farce. Sigourney's chief interest in the annual approach of Hila Morgan's show is — and in fact has been for twenty years — whether Hila, admitting the encroachments of time, has at last ceased her portrayal of sixteen-year-old innocence.

VI

THE MAJOR CONCLUSION to be drawn from all this seems to be that, during the decade 1929–39, Main Street's domination of America's moral life ended. The small community's hold was broken by a defection in its own ranks, as the radio, movie, and automobile brought the ways of the city closer and as the prestige and authority of the older generation were shattered by its inability to cope with the depression.

Paradoxically, the modernizing process was accompanied by Main Street's readoption, under the pressure of hard times, of some older and simpler values. Besides deflating "boosterism," the depression rained calamities on well-

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to-do and poor so indiscriminately that women felt no strong necessity for competing in "appearances," which in turn reduced jealousy and its chief by-product, gossip. It is impossible to state categorically that the size of the electric refrigerator and the make and model of the family automobile have entirely lost their position as arbiters of Main Street social standings, but their influence has been greatly reduced.

There is danger, of course, that a business boom which may still result from the increased demand of warring European nations for U. S. farm products may upset the rural community's equilibrium, calling back the breast-thumping Babbitt. And, since Main Street is notoriously excitable, the United States's entry into the war on the side of the Allies would, despite present strong isolationist sentiment, severely test its new-found tolerance. In the last war, the German population of small communities suffered unnecessarily; houses were painted yellow for no good reason, and other forms of persecution were practiced.

Benefit of the doubt should go to Main Street. Babbitry, after all, resulted largely from the businessman's overweening confidence in his own abilities, and there could be little doubt in his mind that a war boom was owing to no stroke of genius on his own part. As for hysteria, it will certainly come if war does, but memory of the stupidities committed during the last conflict should serve as a powerful deterrent to new ones. For two decades Sigourney has recalled with shame the day on which a mob paraded a harmless old German around the square, a sign, I Am a German Spy, attached to his back. Since officials were hardly interested in espionage agents of that sort (his crime was a Kaiser beard), Sigourney finally placed him on a train going out of town. Moreover, the Germans of Midwestern communities, now mostly second- and third-generation stock, are known to be unsympathetic to Naziism, and are therefore unlikely to be charged with undue friendliness to Hitler.

On the other hand, neither is there much chance that Main Street will depart further from its traditionally simple way of life; Mr. Mencken, Mr. Lewis, and their fellow travelers of yesteryear will have to be satisfied with a partial rout of Puritanism and a mere beginning of interest in "cultural" affairs. Yet much of the gap between the small town and the city was closed during the past decade — as much as probably ever will be. Meanwhile, as the urban center improves its civilization, if it does, Main Street will undoubtedly advance proportionately.

Neutral Ground

(Vermont Churchyard)

All strife and enmity forgot,
Beneath their native marble rest
The Tory and the Patriot
Upon their mother's loving breast.

Their mother, — she will not forget
While forest grows and river runs,
But sings to these who paid their debt
To warring causes, "Peace, my sons."

Their equal faith let all who bring
Remembrance hither understand,
For this was loyal to his king
When that was loyal to his land.

Arthur Guiterman

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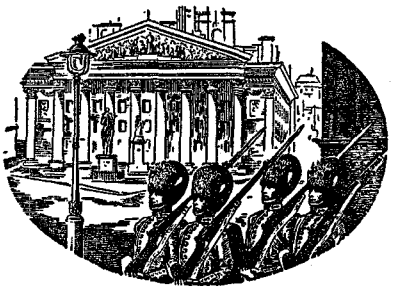
England's Black Spring



by **RUSSELL**

I AM, I THINK, an average young Englishman, living in a little river-girdled east-coast town in the first spring of the second world war.

I want to tell you how the war has affected my life and the lives of those around me.

This morning, on my early walk with Susie, our Scottie, gulls were wheeling against a blue sky, and the fields, tilting in a patchwork down to the river, showed the last traces of snow.

The last traces. To you, the passing of winter has never been a sinister thing; to you, the budding of the full glory of spring brings only happiness.

But we — especially those of us with children — are clinging to the very last snowy tail of winter, grateful for every spell of bad weather, for every day of grace; for, in winter, Nazi bombers were checked by North Sea gales, and a large-scale air offensive was unlikely.

Yet now the weather is clearing; the daffodils will be thrusting up in the woods. Can you wonder that, to us, the daffodils will have a taint?

I am not going to pretend that I do not shudder at the very thought of war, as every thinking man and woman must. The old people, the children — what have *they* done that they should be plunged into suffering? No parent in Europe can be brave today, whichever side may "win."

And already the old people are suffering, for everywhere I look, there are gaps. "Young John 'as been called up," they say, or, "My eldest boy George has gone — see how his old dog is pining for him already. . . ."

In our hearts, many of us care little about how colonies and territories are reshuffled; great political or military triumphs mean little to us, so long as peace comes and those dear to us are safe again. There is little of the last war's patriotic flag-waving fever; even the new war songs, such as the cheap and abominable *Siegfried Line*, have little of the zest and humor and sincerity of the *Long, Long Trail* or *Keep the Home Fires Burning*.

Old Jobby Taylor, veteran soldier of the Boer War and the World War, has become rather cynical about it all. I met him by the river this morning, with his bristly white whiskers and his game leg, and he told me why:

"Mind you, I'm not complaining, even if beer and baccy *is* twice as costly, although I *do* think the old-age pension ought to go up to meet these things. But I'm beginning to use my old head on the subject of war an' I can see, now, that I've been bamboozled. What the 'ell did I want to go tearing off to the Boer War for, with silly notions of honor and glory in my fat young head? I know, *now*, that the war was fought for the gold mines — but *I* didn't git a single nugget! But still I hadn't larned nothing, and, next war, there *I* was, Tipperarying along with the rest. We got 'em Tanganyika that time, but what did *we* bring home for ourselves? Malaria! No one came to me and said: 'You've got us a colony and been wounded twice, so your beer and baccy is free for life!' See? I've been what the Yanks call a sucker. And lots of others are seeing it, too. This war has come too soon after 'fourteen. Still, I don't complain. I rub along. The butcher still calls at my cottage every day."

"Every day? Why, that's good, Jobby."

"It is good. He brings me a sheep's head on Monday and then calls every other day to agitate for his money!"

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I left Jobby and walked on, Susie tugging at the leash. Three Blenheims zoomed overhead in formation, heading east at a stupendous speed. They may have been tearing off to meet some Heinkels approaching our coast or to fight a mine-laying Nazi seaplane. No one knew or would know. This is a hush-hush war.

I had a word with the old ferryman. Old Joe's grouch is that haircuts have gone up! "Ruddy profiteers, the barbers are. Still, I make *them* lose, cos I have one haircut now, which has to last out two haircuts in the old days, even if I do have to go about lookin' like Paderooski. Trouble is, the wife has 'ad hers off now, so I lose in the end."

A Different Life

The army does not need me, yet. I am over thirty, and they have still to cope with the men from the last call-up. Yet the changes in my life have been severe.

I used to write and broadcast a lot as an expert on building, furnishing, and decorating; but now, no one cares to build homes that may be blown down, and, anyway, the army has all the timber and metal!

I had completed a book on old furniture, but now the war has ruined its chances. Interest in such things has waned. Even the little antique shop at Hill Corner has had to close down. Poor old Ned Browse, with his warming pans and tea caddies — I wonder what he will do now?

"It's no use, now," he told me. "Rich old ladies used to breeze into our little town in great cars — they used to buy a trifle of china or glass; but now the rich old ladies are pinched for money; the great cars are laid up to save petrol; and the chauffeur is at the war. In peace, even if we only made a shilling profit on a china cow, we were living for something. But with the war — we die."

Often I would travel to a remote part of peacetime England, to design renovations and repaneling for some crumbling Elizabethan mansion. All that is over. The great families are letting the mansions crumble. Their interest now lies in constructing elaborate dugouts.

Lady S showed me hers — an astounding underground vault with an antigas oxygen-pumping apparatus, a lavatory, a radio, and everything necessary for spending a whole week underground.

I said: "I'm afraid you didn't get the happiness out of planning this that we did out of that west wing that I designed for you last summer."

She said: "That's true, Russell. Imagine coming to this horrible place out of a warm bed! This chaotic mess that we've made of civilization — that we should be driven to run here to protect our very lives! And what use will it be after the war? Just a grim curiosity!"

Severe though the changes have been in my own life, others have suffered far more. Homes have been split up; young husbands have headed for the Maginot Line; and young wives have stored the nice new furniture and gone home to live with Mother.

Yet some people have been borne upward, like corks on a rising tide. Take the schoolmaster (retired), the excellent Mr. Niggle — a little gray mouse of a man.

He had the foresight to take an official antigas course. He now has the easiest and best paid job of his life. He is the town Gas Instructor.

Always talkative, he now expends his volubility in lecturing large classes of young ladies on how to distinguish mustard gas (smelling of mustard) from phosgene (redolent of musty hay). I passed the lecture room this morning and heard his B.B.C. accent:

". . . while phosgene has a delayed action. Its effect is that of drowning on dry land. Please make a note: Under no consideration must artificial respiration be used.

"Now mustard gas, ladies, is in the blister group. It evaporates very slowly and is very persistent. It is the worst of all gases, penetrating everything except glass or rubber. It can

Drawings by James MacDonald for H. V. Morton's Ghosts of London. *Courtesy Dodd, Mead & Co.*

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be sprayed from planes, and a drop the size of a pin's head will penetrate your clothing and cause a bad burn. *Never* prick a mustard blister. It is only with an arsenical gas that the blister must be pricked at once.

"If you have been in mustard gas, throw off your contaminated clothing *outside the house* (yes! I know that must sound very embarrassing!) and have a bath. Then boil your clothing but do not use soap or soda in washing. . . ."

But what, I thought, if one's home is blown down or if one is poor and has no bathroom?

The voluble little gray-mouse schoolmaster makes his subject engrossing. His classes are popular. He has little jests which tickle the young girls. They love him — they bought him some nice gauntlets for Christmas.

He is slowly educating them to meet a coming year of incredible things — and, yet, is he? He knows no more than they! He got it all from official textbooks. They are very earnest young souls — but they know nothing of the terror of reality. There is another little gas, which old Army men call "wind-up." I feel that, when the time comes, they may forget their little notebooks and the gas-lock curtain and the Cellophane ready for pasting on the windows. They will drop everything and panic and blunder and cower and pray to the God whom they remember only when peril threatens.

I feel much the same about the women in uniform. I am not a cynic and I do realize that they are loyal and well-meaning, but there are things that feminine nerves (except for the trained nurse, whose nerves are admirable, made steel by experience) just cannot stand.

Just now it is all tremendous fun. You look so "top-hole" in a uniform. You drive a big lorry and smoke a fag and say "bloody" with the vim of a man. You meet plenty of boys, and they admire your grit and the way you "handle the old bus" — but oh you have so much to learn!

Conscientious Objector

When Susie and I reached the docks (our town used to build ships for Elizabeth's navy), we paused awhile. On the quay is a stretch of ground useful for military training. Today the soldiers — fresh-looking youths — were practicing running in their gas masks. Close by, others were having bayonet drill.

"Why do they jab so low?" I asked old Jobby Taylor, my veteran soldier pal, who had limped up to join me.

"You aim for the groin," said he. "Then, even if it ain't fatal, your man is paralyzed for life, an' he's N.B.G. as a man forevermore."

The soldiers were ordinary, decent-looking young men, wrenched from their jobs while on the threshold of life. They were taking it well, with humor and *sang-froid* — save one.

He stood alone.

There was something curious in his attitude, his isolation.

When the drill was over, I saw him wander near and I said: "You look like a man who's been sentenced to death yet knows he's not guilty!"

He looked up, smiled wryly. "That's just how I feel," he said. And then: "I'm a conscientious objector."

We chatted. He brightened up at the mere sound of a friendly voice. "My dearest friends — even my girl — they all dislike me now," he said.

His name is Tim. He tells me he is twenty-one. You may not agree with his principles, but his history is interesting.

He appeared before a tribunal. He said the judges were kind enough, save that one man had a cold edge of sarcasm that seemed to say it had been best for Tim had he never been born.

"My principle forbids me to kill," Tim told them. "To kill your brother is a loathsome crime. What's murder in peace is murder in war. I won't bear a rifle."

"Suppose we found you a job in munitions," suggested the sarcastic man. "There are good jobs going."

Tim's sincerity survived the test. "I won't make munitions," he said.

"You refuse to fight for your country?" they asked.

"What country?" said Tim. "I don't own a foot of it!"

"For your job then, for your right to live?" inquired the sarcastic man.

"My right to starve, you mean," said Tim. "I've never had a job. I'm one of the unemployed. Will you tell me what I've got to fight for?"

Unhappily, then, he was rude, particularly was he rude to the sarcastic man, who now

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said: "So you are going to let other men fight for *your* safety?"

"Like *you*," said Tim. "You're quite capable of shooting pheasants, for I've seen you. If you want some Germans shot, go and shoot them!"

His appeal was dismissed. He was sent down here.

"Put that khaki on an' quick about it," said the sergeant.

Tim refused, just as he had refused to take the oath.

The case of Tim is a peculiar one. He has not taken the oath, so he cannot come under military law. In any case, no one dares strike him or ill-use him beyond a certain point. They will try to wear down his resistance. If he weakens, his officer will send up an optimistic report of him, and soon his cause will be lost. His only hope is to hold on grimly.

His mates treat him very well. The recruits look on him with kindliness and pity, as if he suffered from some unhappy mental affliction. I once heard one say: "Have a fag, Tim? . . . You know, boy, you're making it hard for yourself. Why don't you give in and muck in with us chaps and take your chance with us?"

Such sympathy is harder to bear than the sergeant's abuse.

Will Tim hold on, and brave the humiliation and mockery? If so, he has a chance. England admires a man of principle even when she cannot agree with him. She knows, too, that, where a man has taken to heart the teachings of Christ, she must not force him to kill against his conscience, else the whole theory of a free Christian state collapses, and we have something perilously like the Naziism that we are combating.

In May, 1939, the Prime Minister said of conscientious objectors:

> It often happens that those who hold the most extreme opinions hold them with the greatest tenacity. We learned something about this in the Great War, and I think that we found that it was both a useless and an exasperating waste of time and effort to force such people to act in a manner contrary to their principles.

If, then, Tim holds by his guns, his cause, eventually, should triumph.

I was interested in one of his remarks: "Supermen," he said, "invented the airplane. It isn't *my* fault that the ape has got hold of it!"

The End of Glory

It gives me a curious feeling to walk around our little town — through her ancient, twisted streets, where loom inns like the Old Bell, which is a glory of crooked beams, as ugly and as magic as dragons in a fairy tale. Every house has its complement of *evacués* — Cockney kiddies, the beautiful children of the poor, fast growing strong through their stay in the country.

This little wizened old lady of a town — will she soon be a smoldering heap of ruins? I think of the young faces that you can see at every window — and then of the all-pervasive zones of mustard gas, a gas that can burn young eyes to a jelly, that can . . .

It will not bear thinking about. You must avoid thinking about it or you go mad.

This morning, in the market place, I passed an old man sweeping away dead leaves from the base of a tall stone cross. The cross commemorates the sons of the town who died in the war that was to end all wars.

I said: "I wonder where they'll put the next?"

"There won't be a next, sir," he said.

"No one left to put it up?" I queried.

"No one'll have the nerve," said he.

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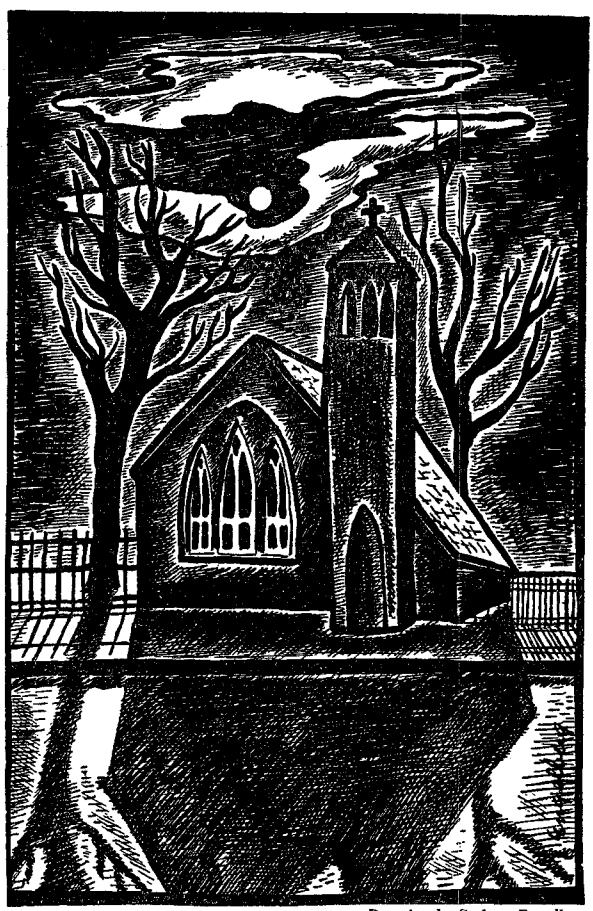
The Catholic Church Needs—

by **N. V. FETTERLY**



Drawing by Sydney Engelberg

ONE OF THE characteristics of the church to which I belong is a hypersensitiveness to adverse criticism. Advice offered by outsiders, even though friendly and sincere, is commonly ignored or received with contempt, while criticism within the Church is rigidly suppressed. So fearful is she of sanctioning among her own members any exchange of opinion that might conceivably undermine their confidence in her as the repository of all religious truth that she is willing to run the far more serious risk attached to the banning of free speech and of a free press within her fold: the risk of clericalism and religious abuse.

Yet it is evident that frank criticism is a necessary safeguard for the continued well-being of any great organization. Had only a moderate amount of self-criticism been encouraged in the Church in the past, the present vulnerable spots in her armor would be much less conspicuous today. We are all aware that toward the end of the Middle Ages the religious conditions within the Church became highly objectionable. Can we doubt that criticism was in order then or that the more desirable criticism was that which came from those who chose to remain within the Church? It is the duty of every Catholic who has the welfare of the Church at heart to do what he can to free her from undesirable tendencies.

Most people will grant that the Roman Catholic Church has many spiritual advantages. Her organization, however, is made up of human beings who are animated, like the generality of mankind, with a desire for authority and power and influence. This natural desire has in the case of the Church been greatly furthered by the absolutism of her ecclesiastical system. The head of the Church, the pope, is elected by cardinals appointed by himself and his predecessors in office; and the pope appoints the bishops, who designate the parish priests. The pope has complete jurisdiction over all phases of the administration of the Church and supervises the enforcement of a large number of rules called canon law, which regulate the conduct of both priest and layman. Canon law is subject to change, like secular law, but only by the will of the reigning pontiff. Thus the pope combines in himself the legislative, executive, and judicial arms of Church government. The laity has no voice at all in formulating or enforcing Church regulations.

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One practical effect of this system is that Catholics have nothing to say, except in an advisory capacity, about the management of their parishes. Each is required by canon law to contribute according to his means to the support of his parish; but the pastor is financially responsible only to the bishop, in whose trust all the property of the diocese is held. If the pastor wishes to build a new church or school building and gains his bishop's consent, he can proceed with his plans no matter what the opinion of his parishioners may be. But it will be they, unfortunately, who will eventually have to pay off whatever debt is incurred.

Clearly this mode of government is designed to augment the power and influence and wealth of the Church. It is a sad fact, however, that, in the very countries where the Church has by such means temporarily gained the most, she has suffered the greatest losses in the end. If these autocratic methods have had such results in other lands, they certainly will not work in the United States, where there is a strong tradition of democracy. If our clergy could overhear the mutterings of discontent everywhere among the laity in this country, it might sense the danger that threatens.

Connected with this authoritarian concept of Church government is the strong inclination of the clergy to demand unqualified approval of all its activities and unquestioning acceptance of each and every one of its interpretations of religious belief. Catholics are trained from childhood to be utterly subservient to the teachings and the commands of their religious superiors. In all their religious instruction as children, they are thoroughly imbued with the idea that the necessary thing is not understanding and assimilation of what they are taught but uncritical acquiescence. The backbone of religious education in the parochial school is the memorizing of the catechism, parts of which are couched in such mature terms that a child of ordinary intelligence does not understand many of the words and phrases he has committed to memory, unless the teacher explains them. The same plan is followed in the supplementary instruction, as in the teaching of prayers. Recitation by rote is the regular method of Catholic religious education.

All this stress on the letter rather than the spirit fosters the mental habit that the clergy apparently desires in the laity: the habit of unqualified dependence on the utterances and interpretations of the priest. By such means Catholics are habituated from early childhood to docile obedience and are disposed to accept everything they are told by their priests with an utter absence of discrimination. For the rest of their lives, conscience is likely to be a matter of comparing their conduct with the finely drawn rules and explanations of doctrine received from parish priests or confessors.

It is questionable, however, that this system of religious education leads to generally satisfactory results, even from the standpoint of the Church. Certain it is that many Catholics have serious religious difficulties that can be traced to the manner in which they were taught their religion in childhood. Such of them as have gained a good secular education and have learned to think independently find it hard to reconcile the scientific habit of mind with the unthinking submission to authority demanded by the clergy. Few Catholic laymen, even well-educated ones, have the theological background that would perhaps resolve the contradictions that perplex them; and it would be useless for them to turn to their priests for help. The unfortunate consequence is that some Catholics give up their religion at the insistence of their uninformed judgment; while others choose the weaker course of remaining outwardly within the Church, though their religious peace has been destroyed by their inability to harmonize their early beliefs with their mature intellectual conclusions. In this way the Church loses many of her most intelligent members and alienates the good will and active support of countless others who do not go so far as to sever their connection.

II

AN EVEN MORE deplorable expression of the desire of the Catholic clergy for power is its faulty emphasis and distortion of certain teachings of the Church. The faithful are constantly reminded of their duty to support their parishes and to send their children to Catholic schools, and they are never allowed to forget for a moment the enormity of the practice of birth control — points of obvious value in the struggle for power — but in most churches many a Sunday passes without reference from pulpit or altar to the fundamental precept of Jesus: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Wealthy

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Catholics are seldom if ever admonished, under pain of grievous sin, to use their resources for promoting the welfare of the less fortunate, nor is there a frequent dwelling on the Christ-like ideal of sacrifice for the good of humanity. The encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI on the economic order, presenting the Christian view of the relations that should exist between capitalist and worker, are practically unknown to the average Catholic layman. It appears that our priests are mainly interested in those aspects of religion whose emphasis will tend to add to their power and extend their influence and are prone to minimize the elements that might have an opposite effect.

Moreover, although Catholics are taught that one of the great attractions of their religion is the definiteness of its doctrines, they find that they encounter the most amazing obstacles when they try to determine for themselves whether any particular teaching is authoritative or not. They are told that the infallible power of the Church has been exercised on only a limited number of teachings but they are not informed at all which teachings these are nor are they given the necessary instructions for discovering them. They know that the utterances of the pope are infallible only when he speaks officially, but they are not taught how to distinguish his official from his unofficial statements. The result is that the clergy is in a position to make the laity accept as dogma views that are definitely not a part of the Church dogma — or only doubtfully part of it.

An illustration is the stand of the Church on the widely discussed question of birth control. Most Catholics believe that the condemnation of contraception by the theologians is dogmatic and therefore binding on their consciences. They are told so by their priests. Yet anyone who will take the trouble to study the article on infallibility in the authoritative *Catholic Encyclopedia* will find that infallibility is confined to the teachings of Christ and doctrines intimately connected with those teachings and that, consequently, the morality of birth control is not subject to infallible determination. This means that the Church has no right to decide for the laity what means of family limitation it may or may not employ. Yet the Catholic clergy has been doing this very thing, in the face of a rising tide of protest and contrary to all standards of common sense.

Another instance of a lack of frankness in respect to the teachings of the Church has to do with the relations of Church and state. The teaching generally given is that the state is indirectly subordinate to the Church and should be required to co-operate with her in her spiritual labors. The authority usually cited for this teaching is the encyclical of Leo XIII. Yet we are given to understand that a papal encyclical has no dogmatic force unless it reveals a clear intention of defining a dogma; and this particular encyclical does not do that. If there is better authority for the position of the Church on this important matter, it is not generally known. Catholics cannot find out whether they must accept the position of Pope Leo on this point or not; but, as in respect to birth control and other matters, they are naturally disposed to play safe.

III

I HAVE TRIED to suggest to the reader the nature of the perplexities that embarrass the average Catholic when he tries to learn just what he is required to believe. If the clergy wished, it could make it possible for any layman to understand the dogmatic position of each statement found in the catechisms or heard in church. It seems, however, that the clergy prefers to obscure as much as possible the distinction between what Catholics must believe and what is its own doctrinal elaboration. In this way it prevails on the lay Catholic to accept everything he is told with equal compliance, out of fear of rejecting something essential to his religion. All this is obviously for the purpose of increasing the clergy's power.

It is to this end that the clergy conceals the fact that the question of birth control lies outside the province of infallibility. It cheerfully ignores the sufferings and even death visited all too often on Catholic mothers and their children in their efforts to obey the injunction forbidding birth control under any circumstances whatsoever. It is no doubt the hope of the clergy that the outlawry of birth control among Catholics will result in a relative increase in the Catholic population. But this is a justification of the means by the end; and we can only deplore the means when we think of the agony of mind and body that Catholics are induced to inflict on themselves under the mistaken belief that to do otherwise would be to expose their

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souls to the danger of eternal punishment. There could scarcely be found a more impressive illustration of the ruthless struggle of the clergy for power.

The same self-seeking obscurantism can be seen in the vagueness surrounding the doctrine of the union of Church and state. If Catholics are to accept the teachings of Pope Leo's encyclical, they must be prepared to resolve certain conflicts with the principles of our government. According to Pope Leo, any form of government is satisfactory if the civil authorities co-operate with the Roman Catholic Church, while, without such co-operation, no government is satisfactory. The pope condemns such views as these: that no preference should be shown for any particular form of worship; that it is right for individuals to form their own personal judgments about religion; that each man's conscience is his sole and all-sufficing guide; and that it is lawful for every man to publish his own views, whatever they may be, and even to conspire against the state. All these privileges, except the one of conspiracy, are guaranteed by our federal Constitution.

The usual defense of this encyclical is that in a Protestant country like ours its teachings are purely theoretical. Such a defense is inadequate, since it makes the acceptability of our form of government depend on the accidental and temporary religious affiliation of the mass of our citizenry. The plain inference is that our Constitution is a temporary makeshift and that Catholics are to look forward to the time when they will have the strength to bring about the constitutional changes necessary to put our civil institutions in line with the papal teachings. Catholics are thus placed in the uncomfortable position of sharing with communists a tacit opposition to the principles of our democracy. Incidentally, one wonders how the union of Church and state could be brought about without the abandonment of democratic procedures. Would the Church permit the people to vote on the question?

Perhaps the most ominous indication of the actual intentions of the Catholic clergy in this country is its willingness to act whenever possible on the principles of Pope Leo's encyclical. It has consistently opposed freedom of speech and discussion in regard to the practices and policies of the Church and has suppressed almost completely all constructive criticism within the Church. In fact, it completely rejects the American principle of progress involving comparison of differing opinions and it cannot ignore the charge that its attitude and practice are dictatorial rather than democratic.

The determined efforts of the Catholic clergy to impose a censorship on the motion pictures of the country and its effective opposition to federal legislation legalizing the dissemination of information on contraceptive methods recall another principle of the encyclical of Leo XIII: that the moral standards of the Church are binding on all mankind, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or unbeliever. That the clergy does not hesitate to use its power politically when there is an opportunity was revealed more frankly than usual not so long ago by the successful pressure brought by the hierarchy of New York State against the ratification of the child-labor amendment to the federal Constitution. The almost unanimous support by Catholic dignitaries and Catholic publications of the rebels in the late civil war in Spain, an important factor in the attitude of our government toward the constitutional government of Spain, exemplified the same tendency to play practical politics and also reflected a willingness to trample on the principles of democracy when religion is an issue.

Catholics and Protestants alike have a right to know how the Church stands on the question of the relations of Church and state. If the teachings of Leo XIII are not authoritative, let us all be told plainly what is authoritative, so that there may be an end to conjecture and suspicion. Let us also be told in simple terms what the teaching of the Church is on all other significant points. To sum up, it is time for the Church to be rid of the evils that flow from an undue eagerness for power: a lack of openness as to her doctrines; an overemphasis of certain teachings to the neglect of others; an exaltation of blind belief above intelligent understanding; and an unnecessarily autocratic organization and procedure.

I have criticized these things because I believe that honest criticism is what the Church needs. Sincere and forthright criticism from within will not weaken the Church; on the contrary, the more jealous her members are of the methods she employs in gaining her ends, the more successful she will be in continuing the divine work which is her destiny.

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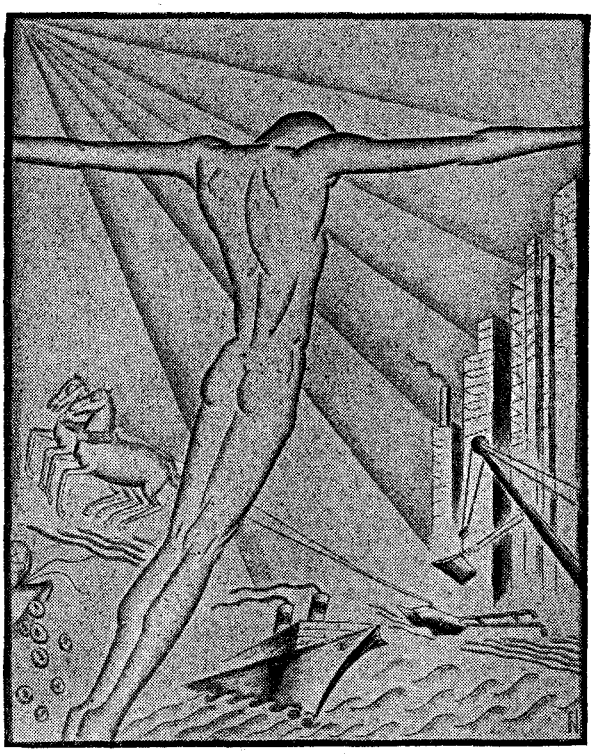
My Career on the WPA

ANONYMOUS

TIME WAS when Mr. Webster's definition of the word "career" as "conspicuous progress in a chosen calling" was a simple enough explanation. Mark that qualifying word *chosen*, for the language has changed, and today over 2,250,000 of us are in the midst of our careers without choice or alternative of any kind.



Tradition has it that our fathers selected a vocation with great care and after much paternal advice. In true American fashion, they began at the bottom of the ladder and rose, rung by rung, to positions of financial success, social eminence, and worldly respect. That was the custom; the rewards were assured. If some fell off the ladder, the exception, as always, proved the rule.

This trite pattern for success, when applied to a WPA job, is obsolete from beginning to end. From the first step of conscious selection to the last intangible reward, the system is passé. Looked at with the sad eye of experience, the pattern is seen to have gone to pot; "careerists" become such unconsciously, and the rewards resemble a basket of fish heads.

I really should know by now. For the better part of three years I have been employed by the former Works Progress Administration, renamed Works Projects Administration. (Perhaps the deletion of the word *progress* is symbolic.) I have become a careerist without design, traveling a tangent with millions of others and harvesting rewards unknown to preceding generations of workers. The process has a pattern all its own.

HAND TO MOUTH

WEDDING BELLS in October, 1932! Both of us twenty, both without resources, both registered at every big employment agency in Chicago. Our friends assured us that it was not a jubilant pealing of bells we heard but a macabre tolling.

Despite our bland disregard of economic facts, doubtless explained by our age and emotions, we could count as assets a common middle-class cultural heritage and a combination of Indiana tenacity and Kansas individualism. The last two characteristics no doubt accounted for our weathering four years of depression by enabling us to canvass hundreds of housewives, clerk in dozens of stores, find scores of temporary jobs, and in general devise a hundred methods of surviving. But our social background became more impractical as the years crawled by.

Among middle-class parents, taught in the precollapse school, from which my wife and I came, the word "charity" usually reminded one of little old ladies carrying Christmas baskets to the indigent — who, while they might be pitied, were still viewed with suspicion. The poor were considered to be poor through some

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fault of their own, and so were socially off-color. Needless to say, this belief was part of our heritage and weighed heavily in our prolonged battle.

Playing a game of catch-as-catch-can as we were, our acquaintances in a city of three million persons were naturally on the same social-economic roost as we. Did I sell strawberries in alleys, my acquaintances were, by force, other peddlers. If my wife sold club subscriptions for romance and confession magazines to office girls and housewives, *her* associates were other subscriptioneers. If we both worked as extras in department stores, other clerks gravitated to our furnished room. The issue was not one of snobbery; with us, society was where we found it. It was strictly a matter of background, a way of looking at life and living it.

Many of the individuals with whom we worked in those days were receiving charitable assistance, their jobs unknown to the local relief agencies. Their reasoning was painfully logical. Not given, by the relief agencies, enough to support their families and unable to obtain sufficient employment to forgo charity, they simply effected a combination of the two. This was where we differed; and our associates were apparently unappreciative, if not unaware, of our attitude toward "relief" of any kind. Perhaps they were only more practical. At any rate, we said, in the lustiness of our youth, our acquaintances might accept relief if they desired, but we could "take it." And we did, without benefit of charitable organizations.

In November, the government created the Civil Works Administration and the next month put almost two million people to work, half of them from the relief rolls. While our table Christmas tree was not as lavishly decorated as those of some of our acquaintances, still, we had bought our few presents without government aid. The new year saw us still girded in respectable poverty and individualistic courage.

In 1934, when the CWA ended, the government expanded its work-relief measures with the new Federal Emergency Relief program, employing in the main only those who were at that time receiving relief. Those of our associates who had not yet benefited by government aid immediately went to work, leaving us to our worries, our debts, and our heritage.

In our solitude, we cast accounts. The answer was not pleasant. We had been through four years of financial juggling, disgruntled landlords, quick and often downward moves, unpaid grocery bills — all without design, all unintentional, but all nonetheless nagging worries and spiritual drains. We were still healthy, still tough, but our inability to become social chameleons had cost us much. Not only were we financially poor — we were becoming spiritually anemic. When a horse pulls a plow day after day, he keeps his head down and sees only the clods under his feet.

Starting at the Bottom

Though our realization had been slow, our reaction was sudden and definite. In July, 1936, I received a WPA assignment as a laborer and immediately began repairing street curbs with a sledge, a pickax, and a wheelbarrow.

In the later vernacular of the press, I became a shovel leaner, but, not being at the time aware of this fact, I neglected to take advantage of my opportunities for leisure. So for fifty-five dollars I worked 110 hours a month. And so, for that matter, did 90 per cent of the crew with whom I worked.

It was not easy the first few months. While the labor was not exhausting, the effect on my morale was deadening. Unfortunately I had been assigned to a gang near my home, and the neighbors were not accustomed to seeing men returning home in the evening with their shoes and trousers heavy with cement and their shirts black with perspiration. Usually I arrived by way of the alley, but this was only a sop, as individuals who knew me eventually saw me stirring concrete. In self-defense my wife and I finally decided that, inasmuch as the neighbors had never been known to pay our rent, perhaps it would be best to forget any opinions they might have on the subject of my job. (Even then condemnation of the WPA was in the wind.)

However, I was successful, after an interview, in being transferred to a statistical project organized to code and tabulate field reports on farm mortgages. This was definitely a "white collar" project, employing over two thousand workers, most of whom had graduated from high school. Thus, with the title of junior clerk at a salary of sixty-five dollars a month, I left my less educated associates of the

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street gang and began to check statistical tabulations 135 hours a month for the United States Department of Agriculture, via the WPA.

When I say that most of the workers on this project were high-school graduates, it is not to be inferred that the two thousand odd came fresh to work, diplomas in hand. Their ages ran from eighteen to fifty; their previous occupations ranged from domestic jobs through schoolteaching; and the personnel included ex-chauffeurs, ex-real estate operators, ex-salesmen, and ex-lawyers. Nationalities and sexes were also mixed.

An industrial organization employing over two thousand workers would require a great many employees with varying degrees of authority. This project was no exception, and it was accordingly necessary to provide one supervisor for every thirty-five junior clerks. In due time I was given the direction of thirty odd individuals, a new title of senior clerk, and a salary of eighty-five dollars a month with no additional hours of work.

When an individual becomes affiliated with an organization, if he is enterprising, he immediately sets himself to study the nature of the work being done, imitate if not excel his superiors, and in general attempt to advance himself toward the elusive president's chair. Collectively, these traits are known as "ambition," are instilled in children by their parents, highly commended by teachers, and usually respected by employers. While many of the saws of our forefathers have fallen into ill repute in the last decade, this procedure is, I believe, still advocated and practiced. It is part of the American racial heritage, and you do not have to come from Kansas to have it.

Much has been made of examples of WPA fraud and its running mate, politics. It is well that such exposés should occur prior to the possible recognition of the WPA as a permanent institution rather than a temporary measure; for the organization must have been eyed hungrily by many politicians. The surprising thing is that there has been so little scandal. Of graft I know only what I read; of patronage I have been in a position to see much — but I have failed to see it. In Chicago, a city that is practically a Democratic island in a Republican sea, with a strong Democratic machine, this situation appears remarkable, but it is nonetheless true. Today I am drawing a better salary on the WPA than many ward heelers and vote getters who have been following for years at the heels of their aldermen.

In a word, those who have found themselves becoming WPA careerists have become such in the majority of cases without benefit of politics. They have brought to WPA projects the same ambition and abilities that, in more stable times, they brought to private employers.

The next step in my career was an assignment to a project sponsored, in a roundabout way, by the United States Employment Service. For ninety-four dollars a month I spent my time analyzing jobs in various industrial plants in the city, such analyses to be used later in the training of interviewers in employment offices throughout the country. With the exception of a six-month detour onto a different federal payroll, continuing the same work, I have remained with this branch of the WPA for the last two years. I now hold the title of foreman of skilled labor, and am rewarded with a paycheck of fifty-four dollars every two weeks.

The Unwanted

In addition to the more commonly recognized causes of unemployment — seasonal fluctuations, technological and managerial changes, age discrimination, and migration and absorption of industries — probably the greatest force in keeping the WPA well supplied with workers was the backwash of the great collapse. The economic typhoon of 1929–30 produced a great deal of flotsam, most of which has collected in the WPA eddy and swirled about from project to project, compiling statistical tabulations, counting automobiles for safety surveys, building parks, laying sewers, producing plays, compiling books, and painting murals.

Had the sunset of 1929 left only a comparative handful of the unfortunates, the incompetent, and the aged, the WPA would not be necessary; civic relief would still be the fashion. But the shadows have not only blotted out the less fortunate oldsters but have obliterated opportunities for the succeeding generation. Each year new names of high-school and college graduates appear on the rosters of the WPA and its affiliates, the National Youth Administration and the Civilian Conservation Corps. Herein lies an often unrecognized source of WPA workers and careerists.

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Generally speaking WPA employees can be categorized into three groups: the inexperienced, the unskilled, and the unwanted — although of course they are all unwanted in a broader sense of the word.

The inexperienced are the younger generation: girls fresh from commercial courses — typists, dictaphone operators, stenographers; boys recently graduated from trade courses, journalism classes, and social-science lecture halls. All are well trained and all come prepared to flush success in a world that can use but a few.

The unskilled are the laborers — those who live by the strength of their backs rather than the exercise of ingenuity or the application of specialized training. You will find them laying sewers, paving streets, building recreation centers, and planting trees. Some you will find leaning on their shovels.

The case of the third group — the unwanted — if not more pathetic than those of the other two groups, is definitely more cruel, for these, the older men and women, well-trained and once moderately successful in the American connotation of that word, are the losers in a game in which, once, they were winners. Their decline, like their background, is of a common pattern. Usually college-trained, with years of vocational experience behind them, they were the last to lose social face in the aftermath of the great collapse. They were true to their training and traditions, but the decline was always the same. When jobs went, savings followed; when savings were gone, credit entered; when credit gave out, the mortgagor and the used-furniture man paid a call; when they left, pride was dead, and the relief station, the social worker, and the WPA took the individual into custody. This process might take only a few months, or it might take two or three years, depending on, first, what the individual had been able to accumulate during a lifetime of industry and, second, what he had been able to save from boom-time predatory financial operators and the law of economic gravity. Today this group stands with the inexperienced and the unskilled, reduced to a common denominator.

The 'Career' Attitude

When, in 1935, Congress appropriated $4,800,000,000 for the Works Progress Administration, the moral benefits to the unemployed, if not specifically stated, were strongly implied. As summarized by Charles and Mary Beard, the program

> represented a national effort to avoid the mere dole, to overcome the moral degradation and the deterioration of skills associated with prolonged idleness, and to provide occupations offering a semblance of self-respect.

As far as practicality has permitted, the administrators have followed the outlines of this plan. Craftsmen have generally been assigned to projects where they might utilize the skills acquired in apprenticeship and practice; carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, and ironworkers have labored on building jobs. Laborers have laid sewers under the direction of ex-contractors; engineers have designed and supervised the construction of bridges; office workers have received assignments to white-collar projects; indigent actors have "swung" the *Mikado*; equally indigent artists have painted murals; unemployed schoolteachers have instructed thousands in shorthand, typing, English, current events, the playing of musical instruments, the theory of harmony and musical composition, the criticism and writing of stories, domestic science, and practical nursing. In sheer diversity of projects designed to "overcome deterioration of skills," the WPA administrators are entitled to the bow. This is a seven-league step forward when one considers that, under the Civil Works Administration in 1933, doctors, musicians, schoolteachers, and laborers hoed weeds side by side on the "made work" projects.

In addition to providing employment of a nature suitable for those who have had years of experience in a specific vocational field, assignments have usually been made for the inexperienced group in accordance with the schooling received by the individual. Girls with commercial training, for example, are given work which not only requires the use of their typing and shorthand knowledge but also permits their becoming acquainted with office procedures, secretarial duties, and the various office equipment now in use. It is not uncommon to see an older individual, who in his time was a successful office manager or businessman, instructing a young girl graduate in the tangible realities and intangible niceties necessary to becoming a successful secretary.

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But, when an individual is employed by an organization, the business of that company becomes a part of him. Through his associates, his work, his daily routine, the business becomes interwoven with all that he thinks and does and, accordingly, becomes a dominant factor in his attitude, his habits, and his home life. Usually this works to the benefit of both the organization and the employee, stabilizing him in his patterns of action and assuring the company better efforts and results.

The same unconscious conditioning takes place in WPA workers — but not with the same soul-satisfying results. If one is employed by a brokerage house, he constantly hears and uses terms and phrases related to the nature of his work: stocks, shares, debentures, bushels, rails, carloadings, the SEC, and jokes about Roosevelt. On the other hand, among WPA workers, conversation will invariably include mention of such things as projects, supervisors, wage classifications, layoffs, and Congressional action. Finally, there are the constantly reiterated statements that "'they' aren't hiring"; "money is tight"; "you can't get a job."

Like the clerk in the brokerage house, the WPA worker is tied ever more tightly to the organization for which he works, but with the latter the effect usually is not a desire to advance but rather a wish to retain his artificial security. He comes to believe that safety lies in clinging to the WPA; the project becomes more than a job — it becomes an extrauterine world into which he can escape from the terrors of seasonal layoffs and the general vicissitudes of employment in industry. There is much talk of "seeking employment," but little seeking is ever done. Strangely enough, the WPA, until comparatively recently, did not encourage its workers to look for outside jobs. The only allowable excuse for make-up time for absence from work was illness; and, at prevailing WPA wages, the average worker could not afford many interviews or attempts to find the elusive job. Thus, constant association with a negative attitude and the worker's inability to finance his job-hunting campaign are two of the greatest personal factors in making WPA "careerists."

But surely, you insist, some must leave the ranks and regain places in the business world. A few do; but more often their attempts are rebuffed, and after a few sporadic efforts they usually return to their projects convinced (and not erroneously so) that as producers in the economic world their day is over.

Beyond the Pale

Examine the experience of an individual who today belongs to the "unwanted." His experience typified that of his group.

At the present time he is employed as a writer, in the office in which I work, at ninety-four dollars a month. A few years ago he was earning almost five thousand a year as a script writer and assistant publicity agent for a small advertising organization. When his fortunes began their descent to the basement, he and his wife moved into a small furnished apartment, and (typical of others who were likewise and simultaneously tumbling down the economic chute) avoided their former social and business acquaintances. Eventually he found himself on the WPA, and, being shrewd, set about rehabilitating himself psychically as well as economically.

At the end of a few months he was prepared to renew his old contacts and accordingly started out to regain a foothold in the business world. Now there are two classes of society in which it is commendable to "do" nothing: the criminal and the very wealthy. This man belonged to neither; his last private business reference was a now defunct advertising agency. What had he done in the interim — nothing? No — he had been employed by the United States Employment Service as a writer. Was it WPA work? For the sake of honesty, if not of practicality, the man told the truth. Three times it was explained to him that, while there was no opening at present, the company would be glad to consider him should a position be available later.

Perhaps these three companies are still considering him; perhaps no openings have occurred. At any rate, he is still on the WPA.

A girl who was doing filing and typing on a project on which I was employed had been, prior to her employment by the WPA, a receptionist and information clerk for a travel agency. Through consolidation of companies she became unemployed, and was eventually driven by economic forces to the WPA. When business began to improve and some employers to hire, she determined to get a position. In six consecutive interviews, this girl was told,

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in terms varying from artificial politeness to downright nastiness, that the firm did not employ WPA workers.

This fact is the greatest evil attendant on WPA employment. It results from a combination of American folklore and constant haranguing by the Lords of the Press. *The WPA employee, when known as such, is socially stigmatized.* He is classified by employers, personnel directors, businessmen, and society in general in the same category with the parolee and the discharged schizophrenic.

Do I lean over backward to make comparisons? Do you doubt that this ostracism really exists?

Then visit an apartment house in your city which rents moderately priced units. Decide on an apartment and, in the course of your conversation with the agent, remark casually that you are employed by the Works Projects Administration.

Stop at a department store and arrange to open an account. Inform the young person in the credit department that you are a WPA worker.

If you have never before been insulted, either openly or by implication, either experience will be novel, if not pleasant. And, if you are a little sensitive, you will leave the irate renting agent and the smug individual in the credit department with a more realistic understanding of cruel snobbery and a deeper sympathy for the WPA worker. For the WPA worker is a pariah.

It is indisputable that, in orthodox credit procedures, "security" wages do not warrant credit risks. It is equally indisputable, however, that an individual's credit rating does not involve his rights as a human being. A WPA worker is entitled to courtesy and, when seeking employment, a trial when his aptitudes and experience are comparable to those of other applicants. But he receives neither. Today he stands alone — a member of a group apart — fit subject for the popular prejudice reserved for the unwanted minority.

Permanent Basis

This attitude is largely a matter of unawareness. It is a leftover from the days when the word "unemployment" had not yet crept into legislative acts, when charity flowed over the tracks in the form of canned peas, coal, and castoff toys. People worked, or they didn't work. If they didn't work, they were indolent, and accordingly were excoriated as Weary Willies by the local missionary clubs; or they were sickly, and worm cures and pity were offered by the same organizations. Today all these things are still there except the panaceas and the pity.

Another factor in the forming of this antipathy to WPA workers is the news reports fed daily into the public maw. They have a common theme, and when you have read one you have read them all. WPA workers are described and cartooned as tax eaters, a host of little parasites swarming in and out of the Treasury, gnawing away at the Body Taxes, and leaving a large hole marked, conveniently, Deficit. That the newspapers guilty of this sort of thing do not care a whoop for the 2,500,000 workers is evidenced by the fact that they have never offered an alternative for the WPA. If one cares to dismiss this lightly, he can surmise that the alternative is not forthcoming because there is no alternative.

Perhaps the time is near when the national government will decide that the WPA is not a temporary measure and will regulate it with more lengthy social planning; when co-ordination will be accomplished between industry, the WPA, and other government placement agencies; when the public will realize who WPA workers really are. Perhaps the government will see fit to entrust to WPA workers the carrying of mails, customs inspection, examination of food, apprehension of criminals, and the thousands of other governmental duties now performed by civil servants. A broader classification of government employees, with a corresponding reduction and equalization of wages, might permit expansion of existing services and creation of new government enterprises. Crushed between the need of providing security for millions of people and the necessity of balancing a budgetary deficit of billions of dollars, Congress may find it expedient to utilize more practically this great source of manpower — the Works Projects Administration.

But, in the meantime, what is going to happen to the millions of WPA workers? What, for instance, is going to happen to me?

I don't know. I really don't know.

I think it depends a little on you.

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The Forum Quiz

The Quiz is planned to amuse FORUM readers but not to measure their intelligence. It covers various fields of interest and should not be difficult for the average person. Counting four points for each correct answer, DAVE ELMAN, of "Hobby Lobby" fame, scored seventy-six on this Quiz. A prominent manufacturer scored sixty-four — which is not too good. Count four points for each correct answer. Answers on page 224.

1. Aunt Clytemnestra and her beau, Herkimer, aged sixty-seven, are sitting on the parlor sofa discussing astronomy. Auntie lays her head on Herky's shoulder and inquires softly, "What happens in the skies when two heavenly bodies come close to each other?" Her sweetheart replies, correctly:

(*a*) *"The smaller is drawn to the larger and often completely consumed, dear, like the moth in the flame."*
(*b*) *"Both are exploded into fragments."*
(*c*) *"They experience a pleasurable sensation, but one not half as great as ours, pet."*

2. Because of the war there's a good deal of talk these days about the Monroe Doctrine, which says:

(*a*) *North and South American countries themselves control the seas which bound them.*
(*b*) *The U. S. will resist the efforts of any European nation to conquer or control the destinies of any American country.*
(*c*) *The U. S. will never intervene in governmental struggles of other American countries.*

3. "Hoot, mon," said McTavish, "You'll have to hur-r-ry if ye want to slide a few stanes with us at the bonspiel!" Well, it's just one Scot inviting another to the old winter sport of:

(*a*) *birling* (*b*) *curling* (*c*) *purling* (*d*) *hurling*

4. Even if you only read the reviews, it should be easy to identify the author of:

> We saw in profile on the dune another Arab. We shouted, but our shouts were whispers. We waved our arms. . . . Still the Bedouin stared with averted face away from us. At last, slowly, slowly he began a right angle turn in our direction. At the very second when he came face to face with us, I thought, the curtain would come down. . . . Let this man but make a quarter-turn left and the world is changed. Let him but bring his torso round, but sweep the scene with a glance, and like a god he can create life. The miracle had come to pass. He was walking toward us over the sand like a god over the waves.

(*a*) *"Days of Our Years," by Pierre van Paassen*
(*b*) *"Inside Asia," by John Gunther*
(*c*) *"Wind, Sand and Stars," by Antoine de St. Exupéry*

5. Which famous university has now abolished varsity football as being "a major handicap to education"?

(*a*) *Yale* (*b*) *Wisconsin* (*c*) *Notre Dame*
(*d*) *Harvard* (*e*) *Chicago* (*f*) *Bryn Mawr*

6. He lives in Quinnipiac, Connecticut, and combines in his ample person several eminent individuals: a former State governor, an editor of the *Yale Review*, professor of English literature, and a Yale figure known affectionately on the campus as Uncle Toby. His name is:

(*a*) *William Lyon Phelps* (*b*) *Wilbur Cross*
(*c*) *Charles Seymour* (*d*) *Van Wyck Brooks*

7. Please select the misspelled word in this scenario which the Quiz Editor has written and hopes to sell to Hollywood for fifty thousand dollars:

Hullo, Rhett Gable! What are you-all a-doin', sittin' heah in th' Atlanta jail readin' the Aeneid? You're so changeable — solilloquizin' one minute and promenadin' the next!

8. Which one of these statements is true?

(*a*) *White fabrics make a woman look thinner.*
(*b*) *Scientists are strong believers in phrenology.*
(*c*) *Few trousers bag at the knees.*
(*d*) *Fish are a little hard of hearing.*
(*e*) *It's a rare skirt that sags in the rear.*

9. Franklin D. was sitting in the White House one evening, going over his fine collection of Republican scalps, while Eleanor was practicing a mere six speeches for the following day. Franklin paused, gazed at the ceiling in perplexity. "I say, Mrs. R, what *was* the name of that fellow I appointed Minister to Canada?" "Why, Mr. President," said the First Lady, reprovingly, "it's your old friend, Jimmy":

(*a*) *Roosevelt* (*b*) *Jackson* (*c*) *Cromwell*

10. Care for a bit of chaff on etiquette? Which of these statements is correct?

(*a*) *Pouring water into an earphone is a harmless prank.*
(*b*) *The words "now available" should always be printed at the bottom of a widow's calling card.*
(*c*) *Wearing earmuffs in bed is grounds for divorce.*
(*d*) *At the breakfast table a clergyman's wife need not call him "Reverend."*

11. Only one of these statements regarding the war is generally considered true. Please pick it out.

(*a*) *Germany as yet has no death ray, capable of annihilating large numbers of troops.*
(*b*) *Antiaircraft guns have been perfected sufficiently to prevent aerial bombardments.*
(*c*) *Germany's U-boat campaign is becoming more effective.*

12. When you go touring this summer, it would be a good idea to visit the country's largest cave, which is:

(*a*) *Mammoth Cave, Kentucky*
(*b*) *Luray Caverns, Virginia*
(*c*) *Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico*
(*d*) *Jewel Cave, South Dakota*

13. Uncle Arthur is a Kentuckian and likes to keep warm. With his feet on the steam radiator, he says he'd rather read about than participate in the winter's most dangerous sport, which is:

(*a*) *skiing* (*b*) *skating* (*c*) *bobsledding* (*d*) *tobogganing*

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THE FORUM QUIZ

14. At a war-work meeting in Paris, which one of these women would find it hard talking shop with the others?
(*a*) *Mme. Gabrielle Chanel* (*b*) *Jean Lanvin* (*c*) *Alix*
(*d*) *Mme. Albert Lebrun* (*e*) *Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli*

15. Little Agamemnon, aged five, is going to New York for a vacation after his midyear exams at Harvard. He wants to know the name of that hit play about Alexander Woollcott, whose literary style very closely resembles little Agamemnon's own. It is:
(*a*) *No Time for Comedy* (*b*) *Hamlet*
(*c*) *The Time of Your Life* (*d*) *See My Lawyer*
(*e*) *The Man Who Came to Dinner*

16. "I suppose it's a matter of opinion," says Cousin Clarence with some asperity, looking up from his newspaper, "but I think that of all these things I am sickest of reading about":
(*a*) *the beauty of Stokowski's hands*
(*b*) *Lucius Beebe's clothes*
(*c*) *Brenda Frazier's beaux*
(*d*) *Mr. Roosevelt and the third term*

17. In case America should go to war, which one of these industries would be considered the most vital?
(*a*) *film* (*b*) *glass* (*c*) *paint*
(*d*) *machine-tool* (*e*) *sugar-beet*

18. Please fill in the missing words from one of Burns's poems:

O, my love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June
My love is like _____
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

(*a*) *the melodie* (*b*) *the merrie flute*
(*c*) *the bagpipe* (*d*) *the saxophone*

19. And perhaps you can recall just what went on at the bar when Tennyson put out to sea:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no _____
When I put out to sea.

(*a*) *groaning at the bar* (*b*) *highballs at the bar*
(*c*) *empty glasses at the bar* (*d*) *moaning of the bar*

20. Uncle Arthur has scandalously fallen in love with the grocer's wife. His rascality came to light when a love letter he wrote her was discovered to be in onomatopoetic verse, which means it:
(*a*) *was alliterative* (*b*) *was sibilant-sounding*
(*c*) *sounded like the ideas Art was trying to convey*

21. Without doubt you thrilled over this novel in your youth and perhaps more recently you have seen it made into a film, *The Swiss Family Robinson*. A very well known work indeed, it was written by:
(*a*) *Daniel Defoe* (*b*) *Johann Rudolf Wyss*
(*c*) *Tobias Smollett* (*d*) *Alexander Selkirk*
(*e*) *Jonathan Swift*

22. Remember what very wise man once said, "There never was a good war or a bad peace"?
(*a*) *Benjamin Franklin* (*b*) *George Washington*
(*c*) *Abraham Lincoln* (*d*) *Grover Cleveland*

23. Also, the name of this revolutionary new material developed by the Du Ponts?
(*a*) *Rayon* (*b*) *Pylon* (*c*) *Nylon* (*d*) *Trylon*

24. Which one of these persons is the founder and director of an educational institution in the red-clay hills of Georgia which grew from a log-cabin Sunday school into a fine, accredited college with 1,200 students?
(*a*) *Susan B. Anthony* (*b*) *Amelia Bloomer*
(*c*) *Martha Berry* (*d*) *Father Flanagan*

25. "I think one of the FORUM editors must be in love or something to let this phrase go by," says Aunt Clytemnestra, looking up from the February issue. "So help me, I don't know what the author means when he says, 'Nor are these disadvantages the only ones that may sprag the trundle of Gallup's juggernaut'." "Well, Auntie," you reply, correctly:
(*a*) "*I don't, either.*" (*b*) "*It means to block the wheel.*"
(*c*) "*It suggests: the higher, the fewer.*"
(*d*) "*It means I'll snag the whiffletree.*"

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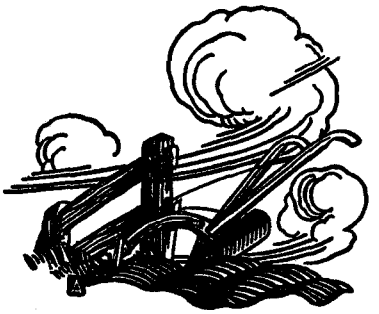
When 125,000 Buyers Co-operate



by **WEBB WALDRON**

"What shall I sow on that lot south of the barn?" asks the man in the battered hat.

"Let's see," says the storekeeper, "you're running about twenty cows, aren't you, Mr. Burritt? You limed that field last fall. It ought to be in good shape for alfalfa. You need alfalfa. It'll cut your feed bill."

"I want ten bags of that dried-milk poultry feed," says the next customer.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Jones," the storekeeper answers. "We've got a new laying mash in which yeast is substituted for dried milk. It's just as good and saves you twenty cents on a hundred-pound bag."

"I'm going to dose my fields with double-strength fertilizer this year," the next farmer announces.

"Oh, I'd go slow on that," says the store manager.

"But look at Perkins!" retorts the farmer. "He's been doing it and last year he dug thirty-five thousand bushels of potatoes!"

"Your land is different," says the store manager, and diplomatically he argues the man out of his notion.

Later he explains to me: "That man isn't a good enough farmer to grow potatoes intensively. I could sell him a big bill of double-strength fertilizer, but he wouldn't get half the value out of it."

Another man enters the store. "Think I'll plant five acres to husking corn," he begins.

"What five acres are you going to use?" interrupts the storekeeper.

"That piece 'cross the creek from the house."

The storekeeper, a husky young fellow in his late twenties, shoves his hat back and squints, evidently visualizing the land in question.

"Listen," he ventures, after a moment. "I think that lot's too wet for husking corn. Why not. . . ."

I loitered there, fascinated. This was a new kind of merchandising. The storekeeper seemed to know all about each customer — his land, his stock, his finances. The men who came in took his advice for the most part, despite the fact that most of them were a good deal older than he. Most surprisingly, the advice often meant the sale of a smaller quantity of goods, goods at a lower price, or no sale at all.

This was one of the 150 retail stores of the G. L. F. Exchange, the most powerful business organization of farmers in existence. One hundred twenty-five thousand farmers (in New York, New Jersey, and northern Pennsylvania) have banded together to buy better — better food for land, beast, and human; better tools, insecticides, roofing, fences, paints, tires.

Pooling their buying power, these 125,000 farmers have stimulated manufacturers of farm supplies to produce better stuff at the same price — or less. They have enlisted agricultural science in the cause of greater productivity of land and animal. They have themselves collectively become millers and manufacturers of feeds and fertilizers for their own use.

The G. L. F. is one farmers' organization completely free of federal control, prospering without federal aid. Its achievement has a lesson for every man who manufactures goods for human use, for every man who sells whole-

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sale or retail, and for every man who is interested in the power of collective action.

II

TWENTY YEARS ago the farmers of this rich dairy land were largely at the mercy of the "feed dealer," who sold not only feed but a general line of farm supplies. Feed dealers, well-respected members of the community, had to charge high prices; for their retail methods were bad — inventories too big, turnover too slow, credit methods too sloppy. They were ignorant of the farmer's particular needs. Back of the retail dealer was the manufacturer of farm supplies, equally self-satisfied and indifferent. A farmer rarely got the right seed and fertilizer for his land or the correct feed for his stock. Therefore, except by chance, he didn't realize the return from his efforts that he deserved to get.

The G.L.F. was founded to correct this situation. Sponsored by the Grange, the Dairymen's League, and the Farm Bureau Federation, it took as its name Coöperative Grange League Federation Exchange, which has been contracted to the three letters.

Today, buying feed, seed, and fertilizer wholesale, the G.L.F. scientifically processes and prepares them at its mills in Buffalo, Albany, and Baltimore, ships them out to its stores and licensed dealers at the rate of 150 carloads a day, over a million tons a year.

Manufacturers are now eager to co-operate with the G.L.F., and through its enormous buying power it has stimulated industrial research all along the line — in truck tires, paints, wheelbarrows, shovels, milk coolers, fencing, roofing.

For instance, drinking fountains for poultry frequently rusted, fell to pieces. Co-operating with the manufacturer, the G.L.F. helped to develop a fountain that lasts twice as long, yet costs fifty cents less.

Or take roofing. A farmer has eight to ten times as much roofed-over area as the average city homeowner. Quick rusting and leaking of galvanized iron roofing were notorious. Working with the manufacturers, the G.L.F. has helped to develop a roofing using more zinc, that will last fifteen to twenty years longer, yet costs no more. Farmers individually knew that there was something wrong with their roofs but were helpless. The G.L.F., 125,000 farmers acting collectively, found out what was amiss and did something about it.

Formerly, feed dealers sold the farmers of the Northern States alfalfa seed from the South or from France that looked fine but got winter-killed. Farmers would have only a 25-per-cent stand. The G.L.F. stimulated the growing of alfalfa in the Northwest and thereby developed a plant that successfully resists northern cold.

In feeding poultry, vitamin G is vital. Dried milk, one of the chief sources, jumped two years ago from four cents to nine cents a pound. Experiments financed by the G.L.F. showed that yeast was a perfect substitute for dried milk in poultry feed and was more than twice as rich in vitamin G. Yet this superior yeast substitute cuts the price of poultry feed, as the storekeeper said, by twenty cents a bag!

Arsenate of lead is an important and expensive factor in insecticides. Rotenone, found in the roots of certain tropical plants, is an effective substitute and has the advantage of being nonpoisonous. Someone had obtained a patent controlling the use of rotenone in insecticides, exacting a royalty that raised the price unreasonably. The G.L.F. combined with other organizations to break the patent, and then it installed, at a cost of $22,000, a special machine to grind the roots. By this process the farmer saves sixty dollars a ton on rotenone dusts for vegetables.

The G.L.F. took the lead in pushing the use of American potash fertilizers from New Mexico and California, to free the United States from dependence on the foreign supply. But it keeps in touch with foreign sources as a price check on the American producer.

It also has debunked high-pressure salesmanship and overpersuasive advertising. Some years ago, a salesman blew into a New York State community with a carload of seed oats which he said would produce crops never before heard of in that district. His glowing talk sold the stuff swiftly at three dollars a bushel, and he departed with a thousand dollars in cold cash. The oats were no better than those the farmers had been raising themselves. "That sort of thing couldn't happen around here any more," a farmer said to me. "We know that, if there were any such wonderful oats, the G.L.F. would have been the first to hear of it and tell us about it."

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With headquarters just on the edge of Cornell University campus, the G.L.F. draws on the greatest of all agricultural schools for facts and guidance. Frequently it finances fellowships at Cornell, Penn State, and the New Jersey Agricultural College for research studies of soil, seed, fertilizer, animal care.

If 125,000 farmers pool their power to find out the best way to feed their soil and their animals, why should they not use the same power to provide themselves with food of the highest nutrition value at the lowest price? Working with the home-economics department at Cornell to develop scientific formulas for such human foods as flour, cereals, and canned beans, the G.L.F. is now assembling the raw material from its own members, manufacturing it, packaging it, selling it back to them and to the general public at prices less than those for popular advertised brands. Last year the G.L.F. sold 3,500,000 pounds of pancake flour alone.

III

THE G.L.F. WAS ORGANIZED in 1920. An energetic professor of marketing at Cornell University, H. E. Babcock, successfully headed a campaign to sell interested farmers five-dollar-shares in the new project. With cash thus raised, the G.L.F. set up the simple machinery of buying and distribution.

It started out in a modest way by buying feed, seed, and fertilizers of approved quality, shipping them in carload lots to strategic points, and selling them out through the car door to the farmers of the neighborhood. Usually individual farmers volunteered to act as distributors.

Retailers, wholesalers, manufacturers fought the upstart, seeing in it a threat to their profitable farm business. Banks and chambers of commerce, tied in with manufacturers and retailers, joined the fight. Stories spread that the G.L.F. couldn't pay its bills, was going bankrupt.

But it pushed on. Its next move was to license certain dealers to handle its products.

Then in 1925 the G.L.F. started a store of its own in Ithaca. Experience with this store showed clearly that, as a member of the G.L.F. staff rather than a dealer licensed by it, *the store manager would not seek to make a profit out of the farmer but would act as an employee of the farmer who comes to him for guidance.*

Today there are 150 G.L.F. stores with managers who are mostly young agricultural-college graduates with an enthusiastic interest in farming, a genuine concern for the welfare of the customer. They are not there to sell the farmer something but to help him buy. There's a point in this for all retailers. To keep constantly up-to-date on agricultural knowledge, managers are required to attend once a year the G.L.F. School of Coöperation at Ithaca, their expenses paid.

The old-fashioned feed dealer's retailing costs were often 13 per cent of his sales. G.L.F. efficiency has cut retailing costs to 5 per cent. This has had a profound effect on retailing. In some cases independent retailers have been so perked up that they have cut their costs even lower. The G.L.F. management welcomes this development, for it doesn't want a monopoly of the farm business; the live, independent dealer is a guarantee that the G.L.F. will keep on its toes.

Following co-operative principles, the net margin over the cost of milling and retailing is paid back to the customer at the end of the year as a "dividend," a percentage of his purchases. Farmers tell me that their dividends more than pay their taxes. But more important than the dividend is the guidance the farmer gets from the storekeeper.

The G.L.F. is a self-governing democracy. Any farmer who buys a share of stock or a hundred dollars' worth of goods a year is a voting member. The members each year elect a board of directors, who choose the general manager.

Other co-operatives are doing many of the same things. Some of them — for instance, the Southern States Coöperative, of Richmond, Virginia — have closely modeled themselves on the G.L.F., particularly in the idea of a school for store managers.

At a time when it is widely said that the farmer has become the ward of government, has lost his initiative, and seeks more help from Uncle Sam instead of less, this self-governing democracy of 125,000 farmers shows to a remarkable degree the virtues of independence and self-reliance. Above all, its achievement demonstrates the power of men when they work together.

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The BOOK FORUM

Life and Literature • *Mary M. Colum*

Period Piece, by Jenny Ballou
Another Time, by W. H. Auden
Going Native, by Oliver St. John Gogarty
Trouble in July, by Erskine Caldwell
The Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield
James Joyce, by Herbert Gorman
New Design for Women's Education, by Constance Warren
The Idea of a Christian Society, by T. S. Eliot

Reviews of the Month • *edited by Eleanor Van Alen*

The Patient's Dilemma, by Hugh Cabot
The Medical Career, by Harvey Cushing
The Art of Living, by André Maurois
The Life of Greece, by Will Durant
Since Yesterday, by Frederick Lewis Allen
Finland, by J. Hampden Jackson
Scandinavia, by Alma Luise Olson
The Catholic Crisis, by George Seldes
The Voice of Destruction, by Hermann Rauschning
Men of Music, by Wallace Brockway & Herbert Weinstock
Bolero, by Madeleine B. Goss
The Way Out of War, by César Saerchinger
Ghosts of London, by H. V. Morton
Windless Cabins, by Mark Van Doren

Publishers' Announcements

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Life and Literature—

Understanding the Art of Literature

by **MARY M. COLUM**

As Stephen Vincent Benét has already pointed out, there is a real story to be told of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and her times, but Jenny Ballou, in *Period Piece: the Life and Times of Ella Wheeler Wilcox*,* has not told it. She gives us the sense of presenting gossip and other people's opinions on Ella Wheeler Wilcox rather than writing her own book. But "the mixture of jejune rhetoric and uncritical literary criticism," to which Stephen Vincent Benét also refers, is undoubtedly her own; and it is with this that I propose to deal, chiefly for the reason that it enables me to answer some correspondents' queries as to my opinion of the value of Ella Wheeler Wilcox' writings. Jenny Ballou's literary criticism represents a solid grade of assured Philistinism of the kind most calculated to exasperate people who take literature — and especially poetry — seriously.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was, Jenny Ballou firmly informs us, not a minor poet but a bad major one. This vocabulary is bewildering. Herrick, for example, was a minor poet; Shakespeare and Dante were major poets. Are we to imagine that Wilcox was above Herrick but a Shakespeare or a Dante gone astray? Truly I think Jenny Ballou means something of the kind — that Ella was a sort of strayed Shakespeare. If she only had received proper criticism, Jenny Ballou thinks, she would have mended her ways and emerged as a major poet.

Now I maintain that in all Wilcox there is not a single stanza or even half a stanza that can be called poetry: she was not a poet at all. What she was is something else altogether, something that in its own way and on its own level is quite legitimate and even excellent: she was a utilitarian verse writer of accomplishment and variety. Her outstanding successes were of two kinds: first, in versifying popular philosophies; second, in versifying familiar emotions.

Some genuine poets, especially among the great Victorians, have, in their off moments, indulged in these two types of writing. Tennyson did, and some moderns forget (because he wrote such stuff as kind hearts being more than coronets and "'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all") that he was also a great poet, the great poet of *Ulysses* and *Tithonus* and *The Lotus Eaters*. Kipling, too, wrote accomplished utilitarian verse, as in *If*, but he also was a poet of such a kind that Edwin Arlington Robinson believed him to be the finest English poet of his day.

Wilcox' utilitarian verse was not as high-grade as Tennyson's or Kipling's, but it was better than Longfellow's. Lines like Longfellow's —

> *Lives of great men all remind us*
> *We can make our lives sublime,*
> *And, departing, leave behind us*
> *Footprints on the sands of time.*

— are bad utilitarian verse, for they are true neither to common experience nor to common philosophy nor on their level as utilitarian verse should be. For, if there is one thing above another that lives of great men remind us of, it is that hardly any of us can leave "footprints on the sands of time."

The versification of popular philosophies has always been a well-regarded and well-rewarded business in Anglo-Saxon countries and especially in America, where Poor Richards in verse can commonly make a good living. At the present time we have Eddie Guest and other well-known lights of the syndicated-verse brotherhood. But Ella had a finer talent than these; she could versify familiar emotions and throw a touch of glamour about them that was over nobody's head. Everybody who had ever been in love felt much the way she had expressed it; she could put in rhyming words what the masses felt; she could also be daring and throw out delightfully fearsome suggestions that the bulk of the human race engaged in a sex life of some kind. If Baudelaire, as Victor Hugo said, introduced a *nouveau frisson* — a new shudder — into literature, Ella brought a *nouveau frisson* into utilitarian verse, into the home and the everyday life of women.

"She was a pure, thoroughbred lowbrow," says Jenny Ballou. Not at all. I knew her slightly at the end of her days; and, as a young person newly arrived from an overly literary city where Ella's works had been mocked at, I own to having found her an intelligent and talented woman. She had no literary culture, of course — probably no artistic culture of any kind. But she seemed very like the bulk of the women then turned out of the women's colleges, though she was fond of saying she had received very little education.

Below Art

Let us consider the nature of the talent which in her day made Ella Wheeler Wilcox known all over the English-speaking world.

* *Houghton Mifflin; $3.00.*

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A good many people are born with a sense of rhythm in words or music or motion. This commonly fades out in adolescence, but it remains in a number of people who can learn to play a musical instrument easily or dance naturally; some people can versify naturally and have in their systems certain common verse rhythms. These verse rhythms are the kind a real poet has to rid his mind of or else raise above the common denominator by a supreme tension of mind and emotion.

Ella's command was of elementary metrical effects. She could express in verse common emotions so that the reader could say, "That is how I felt myself!" She had a power of communication in language such as the ordinary person did not possess and which yet was not too far beyond the power of the ordinary person to achieve. Some degree less imagination and emotion, mere intelligence instead of brooding intellect, could have made a poem like Drayton's "If it must be, come let us kiss and part" into a set of Wilcox verses. Ella had a diffused and warm emotion for her fellow men and women, but it had not that intensity which cuts through ordinary experience and stamps a new impress on words. Her emotion differs not only in degree but in type from the emotion which transforms verse into poetry and in which the whole personality of the writer is engaged.

Jenny Ballou attacks the criticism of Ella's time for not drawing out her worth. Well, nothing could have made Ella into a poet. She has suitably expressed her own *ars poetica* in her verses, *Art and Heart:* "'Tis not art, but heart which wins the wide world over." If, says Jenny Ballou, critics had only bothered to pick out such a poem as *Impatience*, had listened to the unmistakable "beat" and given her some detailed advice about words, especially about the word "control" (though why the word "control" more than "roll" or "shine" or "wine" in the same verses is hard to see, for they are all equally banal), she might have been led somewhere. Now *Impatience* expresses the longing of a woman to see a lover from whom she is temporarily separated. In it Wilcox gives expression, in familiar language, to an emotion that everybody has experienced who has ever been in love, with familiar clichés to add to the easily grasped effect. It is clear communication in a common denominator of verse. "Listen to the beat," asks Jenny Ballou. Yes, listen to it:

> *You are not near me, and I know full well*
> *My heart has need of patience and control:*
> *Before we meet, hours, days and weeks must roll.*
> *How can I wait?*

This is as different from poetry as mazdas from moonbeams. About the best of Ella's verses and the best in communications are those quoted by I. A. Richards in his *Principles of Literary Criticism*, from *St. Martin's Summer.*

The style in which Jenny Ballou writes, her approach to her subject, her line of thought, is a flat imitation of Van Wyck Brooks' in *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* and *America's Coming of Age.* She has indeed reproduced certain stylistic mannerisms of this author, such as the constant repetition of exclamatory and interrogatory sentences, in such a way that it often seems as if she were satirizing him. She has also taken over mannerisms in thinking for which some critics have found fault with him, such as the desire to find some obscure psychological complex in a simple natural habit. "What was the true meaning of Howells' fur-lined coat, of his hungry passion for Tolstoy?" she asks. To most of us it could only mean that fur-lined coats kept the man warm and that Tolstoy happened to be a grand novelist.

Poets of a New Age

But imitation of a prose writer is not as damaging to the original as imitation of a poet. Archibald MacLeish, for one, ought to be able to invoke the law to restrain some of the imitators of his rhythms. In literature, imitation is the most killing form of derogation.

That a poet should show the influence of another poet or poets is, however, a far different thing from imitating them. Many influences are to be observed on W. H. Auden, for instance — some of greater poets, some of lesser than he is; but, as he is a genuine poet, he manages to put the stamp of his own mind on everything he produces. There is in *Another Time* * the influence of Yeats, of the Yeatsian phrase, the Yeatsian epithet and adjective, the deliberately roughened rhythms that are in Yeats' later poems. There are other influences — Eliot and Pound. But the greatest influence of all, whether conscious or unconscious, is that of Latin verse, a sort of generalized Latin influence, a combination of Horace, Catullus, Martial, of old satires and epigrams. It is as though Auden first awoke to poetry while reading the Latins. There is a sort of fall-of-Rome attitude in his work, as of a man recognizing the doom of things he has been brought up with and fleeing from them. Rome is falling down, falling down: it is meet that the fall should be sung of, mockingly maybe, wittily often, but always tragically. The tragic undercurrent runs through all of Auden's verse, and, like the Romans, he stiffens even his lighter poems with meditation on the life of the time.

He has the Horatian manner of thinking of a combination of things at the same time, a combination that is markedly shown in the opening poem of Part Two, where the poet (like Wilcox in *Impatience*) is waiting for his love. All sorts of irrelevancies pass through his mind and he pours out "whatever nonsense comes into my head":

* *Random House; $2.00.*

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Slowly we are learning,
We at least know this much,
That we have to unlearn
Much that we were taught,
And are growing chary
Of emphatic dogmas;
Love like Matter is much
Odder than we thought.

Love requires an Object,
But this varies so much,
Almost I imagine,
Anything will do;
When I was a child, I
Loved a pumping-engine,
Thought it every bit as
Beautiful as you.

The wit that is a characteristic ingredient of Latin poetry, mixed with current comment and brooding thought, Auden has in many of his poems. Inevitably he will be compared with certain older poets, with T. S. Eliot and Archibald MacLeish. Like them, he has the modern idiom with its broken rhythms, an awareness of modern psychology and researches into archaeology, and he can put satire side by side with lyricism. But Auden's work is far more fragmentary than theirs: there is nothing in *Another Time* as organic as Eliot's *Prufrock* or *Gerontion* or the Sweeney poems or as MacLeish's *Conquistador* or *You, Andrew Marvell.* He is more long-winded than they are.

Indeed, at this stage of his career it is not easy to guess how fine a poet he may be. He seems to be shackled in some way and may be only one of those forerunners of a greater poet who will take all this material, all this tragic sense of a "ruined century," and carry it into a region where sound and rhythm and intellectual content are one. His long-windedness is peculiarly noticeable in his ballads and in his poem in memory of Sigmund Freud, which is a genuine epitaph and summation of all that this great man accomplished. One cannot say, as one can say of Swinburne's epitaph on Baudelaire, which is also a summation and a eulogy, that whole stanzas could be cut; it is simply that the conception should be more compact and intensified. This poet's great interest for the younger generation is in the fact that his work is weighted with the sense that an age has been left behind and that a new one is coming to birth.

WANTED — THE GALLIC TOUCH

LIKE W. H. AUDEN, Oliver St. John Gogarty has written witty verses influenced by the classics. His prose is not as witty as his witty verse. It is not so much that he moves ponderously in prose; it is that he moves slowly, with too many asides. The witticisms which, when quoted in the notices of *Going Native,** sound so delightful have a dragged and deliberately thought-out effect in the book.

* *Duell, Sloan & Pearce; $3.00.*

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Port Huron, Michigan

Irish humor can be enchanting in its fancifulness and rollicking quality, especially when attached to Irish good nature or Irish rage, but I have never fancied Dublin wit, the wit of the Pale: it is too often malicious, too often attached to resentment and frustration, too likely to hit out without considering the object, so that it gives the harsh effect of a blow. It is not as effective as American wit or nearly as funny.

Going Native is about an Irishman who cavorted for a season amongst the English country-house people; the central episode is a love affair (or an attempted love affair) with one Parmenis, but the legendary incapacity of the Irishman to cope with the legendary looseness of the country-house-visiting English woman interferes with the author's making the most of the matter. What it lacks is the point, the brevity, the humorous intellectual vulgarity that a Frenchman could give it. What high, diverting nonsense Jean Giraudoux, for instance, could have made of the bedroom scene, where the crossword puzzle in the bed has all the elements of side-splitting intellectual comedy! But Gogarty holds up the scene with philosophical asides and wisecracks. The effectiveness of this sort of situation lies in its swiftness; the agents, whether animate or inanimate, should move of themselves, with only the slightest of comment. The author interferes too much, and his attempts at being risqué seem virginal in comparison with what some of our bright boys on this side of the Atlantic can achieve.

He Who Runs Away

Also disappointing is Erskine Caldwell's new book, *Trouble in July*.* Although, like so many of the younger writers, Caldwell specializes in roughnecks and the low life, he has, underneath it all, a nervous and subtle power of emotion and character revelation which make him stand out from his contemporaries. He can delineate cowardice and fear — make them move by themselves, without any interference from the author — in a way no other writer can approach. As a study of cowardice, St. John Ervine's depiction of Jimmie Caesar in his well-known play, *John Ferguson*, is a coarse and awkward performance in comparison with the silken texture and intricate weaving that Caldwell gets into such portrayals.

But this picture of the sheriff, the man who runs away, although it has some fine Caldwell qualities, loses point because the author felt obliged to write a thesis novel about an innocent Negro accused by a white woman. Caldwell's talent is too subtle and devious to fare well in these obvious effects and propagandisms. In *Trouble in July* the effects he strives for hit you in the face instead of creeping under your skin as they did in his memorable prize story in the *Yale Review* of a few years back.

* *Duell, Sloan & Pearce; $2.50.*

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The conflict *within* Germany. Rosinski, exiled German now living in London, a former instructor in a German military college, is qualified, as is no other living writer, to trace the inter-relation of the German Army with the life of the German nation; and whether the Army is likely to revolt against the Nazi regime. $3.00

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It would be a wise thing if young American novelists tried deliberately to figure out their equipment, their intellectual interests, and the effects they are anxious to achieve, as we see Katherine Mansfield doing in her *Scrapbook*,* which J. Middleton Murry has edited, or as we see the young James Joyce doing in Herbert Gorman's biography. Such deliberate, conscious tabulation of resources and intentions would give them a working scheme, would make them know themselves better. A fine writer has nothing to fear from a deliberate investigation of himself; it will not get in the way of his transcending it all in his work or interfere with what Flaubert called "the thrusts of power beyond the reach of conscious art." In *The Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield*, the comments, the notes, the extracts copied from books show an artist who carefully thought out a plan of work.

A far more intense concern with literary thought and practice is in the speculations on art, the attempt to form an aesthetic, that is revealed in Herbert Gorman's biography, *James Joyce*.† Here the young Joyce shows himself, like every other real writer, as a first-rate critic, in the sense of being a thinker on literature and literary forms. It is noticeable that the thinkers Joyce concerned himself with were Aristotle and Aquinas. Without this careful reading, without his speculations on form and expression, his innovations in literature would have been only half-baked. It seems to me that today in America the young writers are steered away from meditation on the problems before them as writers, and so they fall victims to all sorts of temporary doctrines — "the idols of the market-place," as Bacon named them long ago.

Literature and Education

From the beginning, America has been conscious about literature, and yet the unimportance of literature in American college and university education frequently astounds foreigners. It is brought to students in such a way as to give it insignificance in their minds. The Abbé Dimnet, in an address some time ago before the University of Lille, commented on the fact that, in gatherings of American men at luncheons and dinners, literature is never discussed as it is in other countries. Now a mind that is not in possession of some art is likely to be a dull and dreary one, and, if men are not given an understanding of the art of literature in the colleges, they will not be likely later on to get an opportunity to understand any other art.

Hopefully I opened a book by the head of one of the women's colleges which proclaim a new design in education — in this case, the Sarah Lawrence College — and after diligently perusing it I have come to the conclusion that literature is likely to fare even worse in this new type of college than in the old. Yet the author, Constance Warren, is certain she is taking an advanced line. "In Europe and the Orient," she writes, in *New Design for Women's Education*,* "men have always *seemed to enjoy* great art and music, and *even poetry*, without losing face." The italics are mine.

Now this is a revealing sentence: it means that a prominent educator has been all her life with men who would probably lose face by enjoying, really enjoying, great art and music. The phrase "even poetry" has implicit in it the notion that, in Constance Warren's mind, poetry is something even more difficult than music or painting to associate with masculinity. But the most virile expression of the human race is in its poetry, and the bulk of the great poetry of the world has been written by the male sex from the Iliad and the Book of Job down to our own time, and it is not hard at all to arouse a real interest in poetry in young people of both sexes.

Constance Warren tells us that in her college, Sarah Lawrence, a course in literature is given "by an English teacher with training in economics who decided that the problems of modern economics could best be dramatized and made real to this group of students through the modern novel." Now what this professor was teaching was, of course, not literature at all; it was a bastard economics. But the idea has numerous possibilities. What about having an ornithologist teach poems like Keats' ode *To a Nightingale*, Shelley's *To a Skylark*, Swinburne's *To a Sea-mew*, and so on? And what about having an archaeologist for *Tintern Abbey*, *The Extinction of the Venetian Republic*, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*?

But where does the teacher dealing with literature as an art come in? Constance Warren has forgotten to mention him. In an interesting chapter called "The Lost Arts," she apparently does not include literature as an art:

> Obviously not every individual will want work in the arts, but given freedom of choice, about the same number of freshmen will register here as in the social sciences, literature and languages.

It is necessary to remark that the arts are improved not by the number of people engaged in practicing them but chiefly by the number engaged in appreciating them. The art of the short story has been practically lost in America owing to the number of people who have been taking it up as an "activity."

However, there is no doubt that Constance Warren is approaching the problem of the education of girls in a sensible way: only a percentage of either sex ought to have a real university education; some suitable substitute as a preparation for life should be found for the others, and these experimental

* *Knopf; $2.50.*
† *Farrar & Rinehart; $3.50.*
* *Stokes; $2.00.*

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the results aimed at. These activities are engaged in to develop the individual; our grandmothers worked at them as a help to decorating the home and making it socially pleasant. Which aim is best?

Religion and the Modern World

There is a good deal about education in T. S. Eliot's booklet, *The Idea of a Christian Society* * — the distinction between education and instruction, for instance, is ably made in it. But *The Idea of a Christian Society* is mainly devoted to religion, to the promotion of Christianity in the world of today.

This book has been very slightingly reviewed in this country. For one reason, the type of Christianity that Eliot has in mind is Anglicanism, which to most Americans is associated with Trollope's *Barchester Towers* and an odd kind of Establishment that joins church and state. But the booklet is important because it is a contribution to a very serious discussion that is being carried on by various groups in Europe as to how the decay of Christianity in European society is to be arrested and under what conditions a society conforming to the European religious tradition can function today. That discussion is being conducted by a Russian philosopher, Nicholas Berdyaev, by an English philosopher, Christopher Dawson, and by a French philosopher, Jacques Maritain, and by several others. And it is being conducted on a high philosophical level; those who have missed reading such books as Maritain's *True Humanism*, Dawson's *Inquiries into Religion and Culture*, or Berdyaev's *Meaning of History* have missed books of great intellectual scope and stimulus.

The three lectures which Eliot publishes in this booklet are slight in content when compared with the books named, but they make a very thoughtful and well-written supplement to them — especially to *True Humanism*. Eliot follows Maritain in the acceptance of the fact that we live in a neutral society today and that the most that can be done at present is to arrest the decay of Christianity and to create an élite that would be favorable to traditional religion, even though it were not, all of it, actively Christian. This élite, he says,

> would neither be self-educated nor have submitted in their youth merely to that system of miscellaneous or specialized instruction which passes for education. They would have received a Christian education. . . . A Christian education would primarily train people to think in Christian categories, though it would not compel belief and would not impose the necessity for insincere profession of belief.

Every serious-minded person agrees that there is a need for a reintegration of society in spiritual terms, and T. S. Eliot points one way to it. This way seems rather local and British from his side, and we await an American presentation. One hopes that it will be as good-tempered and as thoughtful as *The Idea of a Christian Society*.

* *Harcourt, Brace; $1.50.*

A Business Man's Vision of Justice

The Life of Joseph Fels

By MARY FELS

This book tells how a successful business man diagnosed the problem of modern civilization on the basis of laboratory experience providing farm colonies for unemployed workers in England. He found the path of charity beset by two obstacles: The "increment" value of land rose in the vicinity of his colonies, and the resulting high prices prevented the acquisition of adjoining areas; while at the same time, public authorities heavily taxed the farm equipment, housing, etc. And thus, through actual experience, without studying books on economics, Mr. Fels became convinced that both agriculture and business would greatly gain by the transfer of taxation from improvements, machinery, merchandise, etc., to the community-made value of both vacant and occupied ground in country and city alike. This vivid story gives a picture of the economic problem in a wholly new way.

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Reviews of the Month

edited by

Eleanor Van Alen

THE PATIENT'S DILEMMA: *the Quest for Medical Security in America,* by HUGH CABOT (Reynal & Hitchcock; $2.50).

THE MEDICAL CAREER, by HARVEY CUSHING (Little, Brown; $2.50).

When Hugh Cabot speaks on "the patient's dilemma" and "the quest for medical security in America," it is time for the doctors, too, to listen. Dr. Cabot's forty distinguished years as surgeon, teacher, Dean of Michigan University's medical school, and consultant at the Mayo Clinic would give him weight enough. But Dr. Cabot's authority is more than medical. Like Emerson, whom he knew, he is a spokesman not merely for democratic medicine but for democracy as a way of life, as a truth which "seems to me based upon irrefutable evidence going back to the beginnings of the world."

It is not surprising, then, that, in examining this controversial question of adequate medical care for all, Dr. Cabot wastes little space on the squabbles of the medical factions. The problem calls for the doctors' co-operation, of course, for the government's help, certainly; but its solution depends chiefly on "this vague group which we often speak of as 'the public.'" In a democracy public opinion must be the deciding factor. Naturally the doctors must remain unchallenged in all scientific aspects of the matter. "There seems to me, however, to be grave danger that, when these professional men lay aside their normal methods of scientific thinking and invade fields of which they have no special knowledge and in which their training and experience give them no special authority, they may well lose the high standing which they have had and seriously weaken their influence with the public." As for the government, the American public "cannot be ordered," but it "can be taught." However, there is no time to lose. The public must begin to achieve more than indignation; it must begin to learn.

What *is* adequate medical care? Despite our smugness, does anything even remotely resembling "adequate medical care for all" exist in the United States? Who are "all"? What are the needs of the doctors? Is it possible to practice modern medicine without free access to hospitals, laboratories, and certain types of equipment? Do most of our doctors have such access today? How have new discoveries and new methods of training in the last four decades affected the young doctor's capacity — and his requirements? Why specialization? Under the present system of medical care — a system unwittingly satirized not so long ago by a group which chose for its name the Physicians Committee for Free Enterprise in Medicine — what percentage of the American people actually have a choice of medical advisers? To what extent does the medical profession as it now stands (and it is of necessity a legal monopoly) accept its responsibilities to the public? Does it benefit merely a fraction of the population? To what extent might the doctors benefit by a different arrangement?

These are some of the questions to which laymen must learn the answers if a mature public opinion regarding medical care in America is to exist. And this reviewer knows of no book which states the entire problem either as simply or as expertly as Dr. Cabot's.

Those who have not read the earlier essays but were enthusiastic about Dr. Cushing's *War Journal* or his *Life of Osler* may be a bit disappointed in this collection — *The Medical Career.* Dr. Cushing could write — well enough to be remembered for his literary talent quite aside from his greatness in medicine — but these pieces are not Cushing with something to say. There is a certain atmosphere of atheneum about all of them, a mid-Victorian self-consciousness in the prose which may be only the effect of the essay form in the twentieth century but which, in any case, doesn't sound like the Cushing who founded a new school of neurosurgery.

ERIC M. MATSNER

THE ART OF LIVING, by ANDRÉ MAUROIS (Harper; $2.50).

André Maurois's *Art of Living* is not so much a treatise on how to live the good life as one on how to live reasonably and profitably. He has really given us something worth our pondering for he has organized an amount of hereditary wisdom. Naturally we must be prepared to find in such a book a great deal that is platitudinous; indeed, the author himself realizes this when he writes that "the good counsels of Polonius are platitudes, but the moment we start giving advice we are all Poloniuses."

The Art of Living gives advice on marriage, family life, education, old age, leadership, ambition, the art of happiness, the art of thinking; and all that André Maurois has to say on all these topics is charged with French good sense and everyday wisdom. He is best on topics like work and education; he is particularly wise in the treatment of work, whether manual or intellectual, into which a man can put his personality. Unfortunately, with the machine in control, such work is for fewer and

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fewer people, and that is one of the reasons why the writing profession is crowded with amateurs. As regards education, he prefers the boarding-school system in spite of some serious drawbacks that are obvious in it. Boys and girls who have gone through boarding schools are better equipped to adapt themselves to life and to find their places in groups than those who spend all their childhood and adolescence at home. This, I think, is the finding of modern psychology.

There runs through *The Art of Living* an attitude toward women which will seem very old-fashioned in America, where, if women have not the freedom of men, they are freer than anywhere else in the world. It seems as if, for André Maurois, women are high-class harem inmates, to whom it is a man's duty to be kind and considerate. Still, this does not prevent his writing about marriage in an enlightening way, with a wisdom that does not belong to the common wisdom of Anglo-Saxon countries. Like all men of Latin culture, he is free from the illusion that marital affection and romantic or passionate love are the same sentiment — an illusion responsible for so many American divorces. It is taken for granted in this country that love's free choice must be at the root of marriage. But the fact is that the arranged marriage has always been in the world, and in some countries it is still the accepted idea of marriage. In France and Ireland, to mention only two countries where marriage is still often a matter of arrangement, most such marriages are happy and workable. It would seem that the arranged marriage is a success when people put religious conviction into it or else work out a sense of common destiny.

M. M. C.

THE LIFE OF GREECE, by WILL DURANT (Simon & Schuster; $3.95).

Prefacing his *Life of Greece*, Will Durant says: "My purpose is to record and contemplate the origin, growth, maturity, and decline of Greek civilization from the oldest remains of Crete and Troy to the conquest of Greece by Rome." Dr. Durant has done that so brilliantly that his book of more than seven hundred pages, literally crammed with information, reads like a fascinating romance. Starting with Crete, the author takes us on a tour of the Greek mainland and colonies — the scenes of that immense drama, the life of Greece.

We spend little time visiting the historic battlefields. Traveling from city to city, we visit the markets, hearing the sausage seller accused of selling hot dogs, the fish monger called "assassin," "burglar." We go down into the silver mines at Laurium and the marble quarries of Pentelicus. In the factories, artisans work like artists. The open-air theatres offer the dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides to crowds eager to listen and applaud. In the legislative halls, demogogues harangue the electorate. We watch sculptors transform dead stone into gods and goddesses. From them we learn "reason in beauty"; while conversing with scientists and philosophers, we see the "beauty in reason."

We are in Hellas and we feel at home. A Cretan lady in the year 2500 B.C. is so chic that our archeologists name her La Parisienne.

In Sparta, we see the Krypteia, meaning Gestapo. Only Doric music is heard, all other being *verboten*. Celibacy is a crime, and woman's prime duty is to provide healthy children for the state, in or out of wedlock. Foreign culture is excluded so that Spartan *Kultur* may not be polluted.

In Athens, democracy is at work. The Athenians' is a government by laws, not by men. They have no castes but they do have classes, even class wars. Red is the symbolic color of revolt. Praxagora, a lady communist, in one of Aristophanes' plays shrieks: "I want all to have a share of everything; there will no longer be either rich or poor. . . . I intend that there shall only be one and the same condition for all. . . . I shall begin by making land, money, everything that is private property, common to all. . . . Women shall belong to all men in common." To furnish work for the large number of needy unemployed, Pericles persuades the Assembly to vote funds for a large government building program. The Parthenon is a WPA project, on which Phidias was employed. The government is spending huge sums but, *mirabile dictu*, instead of a mounting national debt, Pericles is piling up a surplus.

In Lesbos, we met Sappho, the famous poetess. To our surprise, she is the headmistress of a girls' "finishing school" — the first in history.

At Epidaurus is located the greatest temple of Aesculapius, the god of medicine. Pilgrims from all over the Mediterranean world flock to this Greek Lourdes of divine healing; while, at Cos, Hippocrates, the medical scientist, insists on liberating medicine from both religion and philosophy. In Miletus lives Thales, the first of the seven wise men, known everywhere for his answer to the question, "What is very difficult?" to which he replied, "To know thyself." To the question, "What is very easy?" he answered, "To give advice."

These and many more equally delightful experiences make a tour of ancient Greece with Will Durant an unforgettable adventure. They make *The Life of Greece.*

JOSEPH S. KORNFELD

SINCE YESTERDAY, by FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN (Harper; $3.00).

On September 3, 1929, the biggest bull market America had ever known reached its peak in Wall Street prices; ten years later to a day, radio listeners in America heard the weary, flat voice of Neville Chamberlain explain that Britain was at war with

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Germany. Those ten years are the decade presented by Frederick Lewis Allen in *Since Yesterday*, a chatty, informal history which begins with "Do you remember . . . ?"

He recalls for us the mood and temper of days not long gone but now seemingly far away: here are the fads and the popular songs of the 'thirties; a reminder of the plays we were seeing and the books we were reading; the clothes we wore and the sports heroes we applauded. And, more than anything else, here is a reasoned and objective account in clear terms of the political and economical struggles of the depression we still have with us.

Because the 'thirties were indelibly marked with the hunger and bewilderment that accompanied a disastrous economic collapse, *Since Yesterday* is inevitably more serious in tone than was *Only Yesterday*, Mr. Allen's study of the preceding 'twenties. Beginning his book in the era of soap-bubble prosperity and ending it with the shadow of war diverting the attention and energies of a nation already badly confused, Mr. Allen has had to write a story that cannot be called pleasant. His last chapter is devoted entirely to the outbreak of war in Europe, a disturbing feature in a book about the United States. But his emphasis is not misplaced. It seems likely that 1940 will be the most fateful year for the United States since the Civil War. Already the magnet of the European war is pulling us away from the study of our own numerous problems; already the signs of a coming hysteria are among us.

Because Mr. Allen is able to criticize without bitterness, examine and interpret without invective, he has produced a remarkably impartial history. It is difficult to imagine a more impartial story of the 'thirties that would yet contain as much of the essence and substance of those troubled days. *Since Yesterday* belongs on the bookshelf of every thoughtful American who is interested in the forces that helped mold today. Its place is beside *America in Midpassage* and *America's Growing Pains*.

WILLIAM JAY GOLD

FINLAND, by J. HAMPDEN JACKSON (Macmillan; $2.00).

SCANDINAVIA: *The Background for Neutrality*, by ALMA LUISE OLSON (Lippincott; $2.50).

Never before, at least as far as the United States is concerned, have the democratic countries of northern Europe been so much in the public eye as now. To be sure, in their long and stirring histories they have been the scenes of exciting military events in times past, but that was before there was much American awareness of their existence. In fact, American history itself had hardly begun when world attention was last fixed on them.

In recent years these countries believed themselves almost immune from the poison of unrest that was running through the veins of the rest of Europe, and, misjudging the state of the world, they decided to concentrate on butter instead of guns. Now they must pay the price for being too civilized all by themselves, so to speak.

First in the limelight stands, of course, Finland, and Mr. Jackson's volume, written primarily for a British audience, serves as a fluent, suave *conferencier* or interlocutor at the international vaudeville. It is objective, impersonal, easy to follow and takes no previous knowledge of Finland for granted. It gives little or no attention to scenery or means of travel but tells about Finland's past and her present, her history and government, economic condition and state of culture as it was before the attack by Russia. The author has evidently traveled in the country and visualizes the people, but he remains throughout the impersonal observer. Specialists may take exception to a few details, some of which are open to debate, anyway, but for the average layman the book is a good first reader.

Quite different both in treatment and approach is Miss Olson's volume. It covers much the same ground, being concerned with all the northern countries, including Iceland, as well as Finland. It is personal, impressionistic; it touches on a multitude of subjects — scenic, political, historical, scientific, philosophical — and includes glimpses of many other lands covered by the author's travels, including the British Isles and Italy. It dips into the past, as suggested by the present; includes interpretations of art, literature, and theories of education. It is therefore to be classed as advanced reading. In sum, it may be called an interpretation of the Scandinavian scene by an American writer who through her recent Swedish ancestry has been able to read the local literature in the original and understand the spoken languages about her. She has heard as well as seen. In this respect her volume represents a certain advance in depth over some of the previous travel books by either British or American authors. It is, furthermore, up-to-date, having been at least revised, if not rewritten, since the present hostilities in Europe began.

NABOTH HEDIN

THE CATHOLIC CRISIS, by George Seldes (Messner, $3.00).

Whether by luck or through foresight, Mr. Seldes has timed this book exactly right. His chapter on Father Coughlin and the anomalous Christian Front is a sensible, lucid, and startling résumé of a question that seems likely to trouble Catholics and non-Catholics for some time to come. How is it possible that the Church tolerates within herself individuals, organizations, and movements that inevitably stir up prejudice against the Church and even alienate her own members?

The answer, of course, cannot be made in terms of Coughlin alone. But, Mr. Seldes believes,

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Coughlin can be taken as a symbol of the conflict that exists everywhere between the interests of the Catholic laity and the desires of the hierarchy. This is the old, the perennial, struggle, but it comes to a crisis now as a reflection of the crisis in world affairs. It should not be hard to guess that, although the author is not himself a Catholic, his sympathies lie with the great majority of the Church rather than with the powerful minority which shapes her political and social policy. His book, then, is not in any sense an indictment of Catholicism. Rather it is a fascinating case record of the Church's split personality. As an authority on church history, he writes with reassuring confidence; and, as a good reporter, he makes his story extraordinarily brisk and readable.

MARY L. ELTING

THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION (*Hitler Speaks*), by HERMANN RAUSCHNING (Putnam; $2.75).

Those who have seen Hitler in action — on the platform! — will find this second book of Former Hitler Confidant Dr. Rauschning (onetime President of the Danzig Senate) a chilling experience, reminding them of actual contact with the abnormal. To those millions of distant others who only read, this book is more of a "must" than anything written about Hitler to date. For, in these verbatim reports of private conversations and secret conclaves, from 1932 to 1935, between the author and Hitler and other regimists, we come face to face with that megalomania-infested "little man" who lies, steals, murders to realize a mad, self-destroying dream. "We may be destroyed, but if we are, we shall drag a world with us — a world in flames."

Hitler speaks or, to be more correct, makes speeches, conscious only of his gruesome self, which glories in devilish nihilism. Visibly he revels in planning torture and slaughter. "Demoniac, morbid, sadistic, paranoiac" — what other adjectives would further describe this self-chosen power who has plunged Europe into suicidal war by a long-developed plan? "I shall make war . . . never . . . without the certainty that a demoralized enemy will succumb to the first stroke of a single gigantic attack."

As early as '34 he planned the transplanting of entire peoples from Bohemia, the depopulation of Poland, the breaking of Austria. Today we witness these accomplishments (!) "in process." But others remain: the Germanization of the Balkans, the seizure of Mexico, the revolutionizing of the United States, the occupation of Sweden and Holland, the provocation of revolt in France, the separation of Slav men and women "to remove millions of an inferior race that breed like vermin," the conquest of all Europe, the establishment of Germanism as a religion.

The book is one uninterrupted succession of wild

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outbursts — terrifying with the attraction of the weird, lurid, incredible. Perhaps it is this factor which elects and re-elects Hitler as "the most outstanding personality in the world today" among American college students — the attraction of the evil! We should be grateful to Dr. Rauschning for these reports as he jotted them down "under the immediate influence" of each conversation, but why so many years late? And to this reviewer, *the* great question still remains unanswered: How is it possible that men of Dr. Rauschning's obvious intellect remained for so long — and many still remain — such easy victims to the blood-curdling nightmare of suffering and death which Hitler dishes up whenever he speaks or acts?

Read it all, the revelation of the most frightening mind yet, swimming as it does between dreamland and reality, a terrible warning to us all!

BORIS ERICH NELSON

MEN OF MUSIC, by Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock (Simon & Schuster; $3.75).

Frequently one shudders at the advent of a fresh volume on music, for to the layman, alas, too many are ponderous and severe. But here we have the radio listener's bible, the symphony addict's dream — a work which is at once a practical reference book and excellent reading.

Through seventeen chapters of important critical biography, *Men of Music* moves along on its own private breeze. In a minimum of space and with a maximum of brilliance, we are first treated to a powerful opening chapter on the great masters before Bach, thence led a somewhat uneven course through Handel, Gluck, Hayden, and Mozart to Beethoven (where the authors appear to falter slightly in their stride), on through Chopin and Wagner, a slightly controversial chapter on Brahms, a highly personal chapter on Tchaikovsky. Thence they move through the great "S's" of modern music, with an oddly frivolous but charming chapter on the last, Stravinsky.

The book is personal and refreshing, and the combination of nimble and gossipy asides with hard-headed comment is most piquant. Throughout, the writing is polished and spry, the flair for words striking, and the approach experienced and thorough. Much popular folklore is swiftly deflated. Some readers may be scandalized at omissions; others, hurt by arbitrary estimates of the great and the near great in music, for the authors have some fairly definite ideas about this. However, the musical men whom this well-qualified and agile pair reconstruct are as alive and vibrant when we read these pages as is their music in the concert hall; and the occasional unevenness or rambling is more than offset by the extraordinary success in contrasting and analyzing the contributions of these masters. (One could perhaps wish that Messrs. Brockway and Weinstock had traced more clearly the great changes in music at the turn of the century.)

The recommended recordings are particularly welcome. This book should be indispensable to all the vast company of musical amateurs who combine a thirst for accurate knowledge with love of an entertaining book on the subject.

HOPE HANES

BOLERO: *The Life of Maurice Ravel,* by Madeleine B. Goss (Holt; $3.00).

It was perhaps inevitable that a biography of Ravel should be titled for his most popular composition. But, obvious though the choice may have been, it is singularly apt. There was little in the texture of Ravel's life to suggest the quality of that *danse lascive* which brought him world-wide notoriety; yet the composition, in a sense, reveals the man. "To make much out of nothing — to create a masterpiece from the least possible material — this was typical of his life," Mrs. Goss asserts. It was the peculiar triumph of his "Bolero."

Born in 1871, of Basque and Swiss descent, Ravel died tragically in 1937, the victim of a lingering disease of the brain which mercilessly failed to impair his reason. "There's so much music still in my mind," he complained sadly toward the end. "I've said nothing yet — I have everything left to say." The world of music thinks otherwise, and certain of his major works are today established as contemporary classics. In his youth, Ravel was a disciple of Chabrier, Faure, and Satie. He became a radical innovator whose compositions bewildered the musical public and exasperated many of his colleagues. He lived to see his work acclaimed for its technical virtuosity, its polished perfection, its intellectual lucidity — and became incorporated in the main body of French musical tradition.

The enigmatic detachment of Ravel's private life from those experiences which journalism sums up as "human interest" is not minimized by his biographer. His profound devotion to his mother and brother, his painful military service in the World War, his many friendships and few intimacies, his singular pride in the suburban villa which he built outside Paris, and his cult of cats merely accent an inner solitude. For the rest, he was, as Mrs. Goss remarks, a "channel through which music flowed, controlled and guided by his superlative craftsmanship, but unrestricted by the self-limited vision of those who live too intensely personal lives." In this accurate and illuminating biography, Mrs. Goss has dealt justly with both the man and his art.

LLOYD MORRIS

THE WAY OUT OF WAR, by CÉSAR SAERCHINGER (Macmillan; $0.60).

The purpose of this book is to analyze the present war and to indicate what attitude the United States

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should take toward it. In a short volume of short chapters, short paragraphs, short sentences, and even short words, Mr. Saerchinger ticks off half a dozen of the principal causes of war, both general and specific. These include nationalism, industrialism, imperialism — the general ones — and the Versailles Treaty, Germany's late emergence as a great power, Britain's subborn defense of the *status quo*, the French obsession with security — the specific ones. Some of the chapters read like self-sufficient little essays; others follow a vaguely chronological pattern. Gradually but a bit jerkily, the story comes down to the outbreak of the present war and finally gets around to the subject indicated in the title. Mr. Saerchinger, who is no isolationist or absolute pacifist, believes that the United States should maintain her neutrality, not merely in order to save herself from war but in order to contribute to building a firmer peace in a better world.

QUINCY HOWE

GHOSTS OF LONDON, by H. V. MORTON (Dodd, Mead; $3.00).

Mr. Morton has to date written eleven popular books about the British Isles, five of them about London. His opening chapter here explains how he laid aside this book early in September, 1939. But obdurate publishers insisted he return proof for publication. So he added an account which is more graphic than any newspaper story of London, sandbagged and almost child-deserted, her skies dotted above with hundreds of glistening balloons. He writes, as usual, with deftness and charm and with an inbred knowledge of London town before its sounds and sights were so ominously altered by daylight and in blackout. He is confident that "wars come to an end, but London goes on." The illustrations are pleasing photographs and drawings by James Macdonald.

E. V. A.

WINDLESS CABINS, by MARK VAN DOREN (Holt; $2.50).

Out of death, out of fear and decay, springs this novel of love. Although at times it seems to cross the line where characters cease to be characters and places cease to be places and both become symbols, the story of Ray and Lucy, how they met fear and conquered and how they took on a great burden to learn what it means to be alive, will ring true to all readers.

As light filters through the woods, dappling the ground with yellow, gray, and green shadows, so this novel gently persuades itself into the mind. Those who love the unexplored shadows as much as the light, who distrust right angles, flat surfaces, and sterile white will welcome this addition to the fiction of the spirit.

JOHN SLOCUM

The Reviewers

ERIC M. MATSNER, M.D., *is a New York gynecologist and obstetrician, a lecturer and writer on medical subjects.*

JOSEPH S. KORNFELD *is a scholar, lecturer, and radio commentator.*

WILLIAM JAY GOLD *is Managing Editor of the* Virginia Quarterly Review.

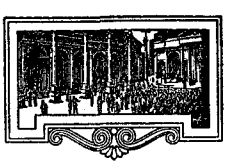
NABOTH HEDIN *is Manager of the Swedish American News Exchange, in New York City.*

BORIS ERICH NELSON *is a student of international affairs and a writer and lecturer specializing in central European problems.*

HOPE HANES, *an amateur devotee of music, is the wife of John W. Hanes, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.*

LLOYD MORRIS, *lecturer, critic, and writer, is the author, among other books, of* The Rebellious Puritan.

QUINCY HOWE *is an author, radio commentator on foreign affairs, and editor associated with Simon & Schuster.*



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Our Rostrum*

Impatient Patient

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . Everything that is said in it ["I Can't Afford to Be Sick," anonymous article in the March Forum] could have happened to a person. It does seem as though fate, however, had been particularly unkind to any one family if all this happened to them. Moreover, I cannot but help feel that the author of the article was a little bit inclined to self pity. . . . I also suspect that she is the type of person who when she went to the out-patient department of a hospital insisted upon seeing, first, the clinical secretary, then the doctor in charge of the clinic, then the head social worker, and if possible the assistant director or director of the out-patient department. Some people believe that in this way they get better and quicker attention when as a matter of fact anything that upsets the routine of the clinic usually results in slower treatment. . . .

. . . . . .

. . . I do not believe it . . . states truly the relationship of hospitals and doctors to sick people in general.

N. W. Faxon, M.D., *Director*
Massachusetts General Hospital
Boston, Mass.

Rats and Catchers

To the Editor:

. . . As a native son of New Orleans, I feel I can sense many things between the lines of Mr. [Hamilton] Basso's vigorous prose ["Can New Orleans Come Back?" March Forum]. . . .

Naturally, Mr. Basso had to omit details, many of which are significant — those of forty years ago and those of ten days ago. For the latter, the quiet statement by the head of the City Board of Health that he had found it advisable to appoint 285 "extra rat-catchers." I have not seen a rat in many months; but I am sure I shall see some rat-catchers at the polls when I vote today [February 20]. . . .

. . . . . .

Pierce Butler

New Orleans, La.

Rat-catchers notwithstanding, on February 20 Louisiana voters "threw the rascals out" and elected Sam Jones Governor. Of this then unpredictable event Mr. Basso had written: ". . . twelve years of dictatorship by the Long machine will have come to an end."

War and Civilization

To the Editor:

I have read Mr. William Henry Chamberlin's article on "The War to End Europe" [March Forum] with great interest. . . .

. . . . . .

Mr. Chamberlin suggests that we are faced with the alternatives of isolation or intervention. In my judgment the two are the same and equally destructive. We should reject both and assume our share of responsibility for ordering the world community of which we are inescapably a part. Will we sacrifice some measure of our economic and political sovereignty provided others do likewise . . . ? . . . If . . . not, we may expect the catastrophic decline of civilization to continue. . . .

. . . . . .

Quincy Wright

University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . Among the "most obvious of these beneficiaries" of the European war, Mr. Chamberlin mentions only Japan and the Soviet Union. Might he not also have included the United States, which stands to gain economic and political power each time its European rivals indulge in war? . . . He chides Chamberlain and Daladier for failing to push Germany into war with the Soviet Union. It was my impression that these statesmen did everything possible along that line. . . . In addition to the international co-operation and socialism which the author lists as "pathetic illusions," I should have added a third: the hope that the free-working economic system of the 19th century could survive the nationalism provoked by the World War and perpetuated in the Versailles Treaty. . . .

James Frederick Green

Foreign Policy Association
New York, N. Y.

Practical Education

To the Editor:

In a recent [March] issue you published an article by Roy A. Benjamin, Jr., entitled: "Working While They Learn."

In 1924 . . . I . . . started writing and talking on part time education. . . .

Later Mr. Payne Templeton, then Principal of the High School at Kalispell, Montana, saw some of my writing and was sufficiently impressed with the soundness of my ideas to start part time co-operative education in the high school. . . .

*These columns are open to brief letters commenting on any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

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As far as I know this was the first high school in Montana to take up this work. . . .

Mr. Templeton, who is now Superintendent of the Helena, Montana, schools, said when I last saw him: "You are responsible for starting part-time co-operative education in Montana."

. . . . . .

You may well wonder why such helpful ideas are not eagerly seized upon and used by the schools. The basic reason is that our schools are absolutely dominated and autocratically controlled and administered by "School Men," who, as a rule, cannot see farther than their own "academic" noses! . . .

. . . . . .

LEWIS W. SPAULDING

Lewistown, Mont.

BALTIMORE

THE FORUM'S *files are loaded with comments on Audrey Granneberg's "Elegant Indigence in Baltimore," published in February. While waiting for space in which to air them more fully, we give you an eloquent two-paragraph summary:*

Sample (a): I have lived in this "hellhole" for three years. I have to live here in Baltimore because I'm employed by the government. In 1941 we will move to Washington, D. C. It's a slum too, but not as horrible as Baltimore.

Sample (b): The author is entitled to her opinion, but it is not shared by those who are privileged to live in Baltimore and like it.

THE FORUM *is happy to have this question settled.*

'I WAS A JEW'

Extracts from further comments on the anonymous article in the January FORUM:

¶ [To the author]: Please don't blame your frustrations upon the Jewish people; be an adult, take the blame for your hurts yourself. Thank God for the United States and its differences which prove its freedom for all men. — ROSALIND GOLDSTEIN; *Milwaukee, Wis.*

¶ A real American, regardless of what religious, racial, or cultural group he may belong to, ardently believes that every person has an inherent right to practice and believe what he desires, so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others. American life can only flourish when each nationality will contribute the best of its heritage to the common good. The writer of "I Was a Jew" can in no sense be regarded as an American. We Americans respect a man for what he is. The Jews will only be known as Americans insofar as they remain Jews. If they make any attempt to exist under a different identity, they will be despised by the vast majority of the American people. — MANFRIED MAUSKOPF; *Philadelphia, Pa.*

¶ One cannot keep faith with the moral and ethical principles of Judaism and fail to be American in spirit. Leaders of Judaism have constantly reaffirmed the obligation of each and every Jew to be a faithful citizen to the nation in which he resides. — SEYMOUR L. WEINER; *Philadelphia, Pa.*

¶ The author has shown an insight and intelligence in his analysis of some of the self-made causes of the difficulties encountered by Jews in American community living which command the respect of one who has likewise given the matter much thought. But while one understands and sympathizes with the point of view he has expressed, it is difficult either to understand or to be tolerant of the method to which the man resorted in his attempt to escape what seemed to him the yoke of Judaism. — S. G. L., JR.; *San Francisco, Calif.*

¶ In regard to unjust social discrimination the Jew who is sturdy of soul and has a sense of proportion learns to say, with the Scotch laird: "Wherever McGregor sits is the head of the table." In more vital matters it cannot be denied that Jews suffer certain handicaps. There is however a notable record of those who have surmounted them. Such victories are always possible because difficulty is a stimulating challenge to the will and the intellect. The writer of the article evidently fails to realize that, in abandoning his Jewish affiliations, he loses the immense moral superiority of the oppressed over the oppressor. In the present state of the world, the Jew can feel proud, the Christian should feel deeply ashamed. — ANONYMOUS; *Cleveland, O.*

¶ If the Jews of the United States believed Judaism at variance with American life, they would choose agnosticism rather than cling to a faith which alienated them from this land which they love with all their hearts. — LILLIAN R. FREEDHEIM; *Denver, Colo.*

¶ This article has convinced me that the bonds of kinship among the Jews are slowly but surely becoming weaker at a time when strength, leadership, unity and understanding are so necessary. I cannot reconcile the two ideas of a Jewish Homeland and Americanism. I speak now not as a Jew, but rather as an American born individual. At the same time, there is nothing un-American about the American Jews desiring to aid those who are less fortunate than themselves, in finding a haven. — JACK J. WALDMAN; *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

¶ In the philosophy which demands of all citizens of this country conformity to a single pattern, we hear the echoes of those destructive fascist teachings abroad, which are now the despair of Europe. — RABBI SIDNEY BALLON; *Columbia, S. C.*

THE BATTLE OF CHARLESTON

To the Editor:

As three native sons of Charleston we wish to thank you for giving us the Twig article. . . . It is inconceivable in Charleston that one paper, from

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a sense of duty or from a desire to enlarge itself should courageously reveal things that are not as they should be, and puncture by ridicule things that are absurd and do the town no good.

Year in and year out when a Charlestonian picks up the News and Courier he reads that such and such a one, usually one with publicity value, says that Charleston has "old world charm" is "just like England"; that the people here "have the best manners in America" and so on and on ad nauseam. People don't read the boxes of eternal tribute any more. The voice of the dissenters is never heard, naturally, and the cries of the disappointed are ignored, again naturally. . . .

Just as the truth would be welcomed in Germany where the press is controlled, so the truth was welcomed by most of us. You couldn't buy a copy of your magazine two days after it came out on the news stands. Some fellows brag that they paid as much as a dollar for their copy. Countless people bought two, three, and four copies to send to absent Charlestonians who have wanted just such a thing as Twig's article for years.

. . . . . .

Of course every intelligent person in town got a FORUM somehow or other, and at the Public Library one had to sign a paper in order to read the magazine; they were afraid that some enthusiastic reader would carry off the public's very valuable copy.

These things indicate what mere words cannot say. As Twig said in his letter to the paper, "the truth hurt some but it was a downright relief to many."

Not one person has answered any specific part of the article, and native Charlestonians know that there is a good reason for that. It has to be denounced entire, and better still its author has to be accused of being all sorts of things like uncultured and so on and on. The worst that can be said of you in Charleston is that you are "uncultured." It's worse than having strange things said about your mother. Most of us, who hate the perpetrators of the myths, have laughed at this for years. If you were to catch one of these people who are always gabbing about culture and offer him a hundred dollars (all the money in the world) to define the word culture he would be speechless and for a mighty good reason. The true sense of culture is lost on them completely.

. . . . . .

Many people who come here become more Charlestonian than the Charlestonians. They put us to shame. They speak of their own refinement constantly, their own culture, and they put two spare grillwork gates into the walls they build around everything. We don't blame them for wanting all these things to be so, and for yelling in pain when someone breaks the spell, but we do get very tired of them playing echo all the time.

. . . . . .

No outsider without intelligence and talent could have done what Twig did. We knew it was truth as we read it, we gloried in it. Pretense, even pretense that succeeds in making us better than any other people in the world, and our own town a living overwhelmingly beautiful shrine, is very hard on us. We've had enough. And we've had more than enough of the sentimentalists who come here and parrot all the balony we have to endure from a certain set which would be just a little group of pseudo-intellectuals if they weren't just a little group of pseudo-aristocrats.

The Charleston magic of just saying so makes a thing true. Culture blows through the streets like wind, and history floats up out of every house and knocks you right on your face.

They're putting Twig's article in the "Time Trunk," to be read many years from now, and one Charlestonian has suggested in the paper that King Street, our "main drag," be called henceforth Twig Alley!

G. H.; D. S.; M. A.

Charleston, S. C.

Etc., etc., etc.:

Everything Mr. Twig said is an insult to all of us who love Charleston and South Carolina. I hope his life in Charleston will be made a miserable one. ⁊ I wept for affection for the city, because my honesty and knowledge of urban conditions, social, political and physical forced me to admit the truth of ninety five per cent of Twig's statements! ⁊ Even if everything Mr. Twig says were true, I still would not see why he should go out of his way to "pick on" the old town in public. ⁊ I profoundly feel that Charleston has the potentialities to become the cleanest, most unique and beauteous city in America. But we must not expend our energy in defending antiquated weaknesses. Whenever it is accomplished, then maybe we can begin to resent criticism. Many thanks to you and Edward Twig for your courage. ⁊ . . . seems to me a bit raw. ⁊ I must congratulate you on the courage and character you displayed in TELLING THE TRUTH. The cause of this condition is ROTTEN POLITICS. ⁊ The article is disgusting. I am amazed that THE FORUM would publish it. ⁊ The "replies" in the Courier here have been pathetically inadequate. We have spent winters in various Southern cities and Charleston is worse off than the others in many ways. I was at Columbia this week and the comparison is striking. ⁊ I consider Mr. Twig's attack unjustifiable, needlessly faultfinding and vituperative. ⁊ . . . ably written but greatly exaggerated. His facts and figures (and I'm sure they must be correct) leave me unchanged in my opinion. Mr. Twig is in danger of becoming an old stick.

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Movies and Propaganda

by **WALTER SELDEN**

THE POLITICAL WINDS are blowing quite a gale around Hollywood. The wild winds are saying that the motion-picture capital should at long last become aware of some of the less savory aspects of the world in which we live. This desire to imbue films with an awakened sense of *Realpolitik* stems primarily from the nation's motion-picture critics, self-appointed or otherwise, as well as a publicity-wise producer or two.

There have been outbursts on this score from Dudley Nichols, Hollywood scenarist and President of the Screen Writers' Guild; from Walter Wanger, producer of some so-called "political" films; and from Archibald MacLeish, the liberal poet.

The main points made by these and other apostles of reality with no holds barred for the screen are that motion pictures today are not attracting all the vast audiences which are their due, inasmuch as all films are one-dimensional — and that dimension sugar-coated with a happy ending; that a steady diet of "escapism," like the well-known dead mackerel, has an odor about it in the theatre as does the mackerel in the sun; and that films of even mild social significance are completely emasculated by the various censor boards and "pressure groups."

The position taken by these people, although winning support from the liberals who are for the most part only on the fringe of the film industry, is not a solid one; it has the weakness of a half-truth. The better films of the type so casually dismissed as "escapist" *are* making money, here and abroad; and a producer is at perfect liberty to make a "propaganda" film, just as a theatre is at perfect liberty to reject it and, also, as people have a right to "escapism" in films if that is their conception of entertainment. Not considered, all too often, are the dangers inherent in a motion picture capable of arousing mass hatreds, nor the probable reactions against such films.

Motion pictures as they are today seem to be satisfying to the great majority of the potential, as well as the actual, film audience, with the 80,000,000 to 88,000,000 estimated weekly attendance showing no signs of abating. Mr. Walter Wanger has said that there is an audience of some fifty million people who do not attend motion-picture theatres today but would were the fare more palatable. Perhaps overlooked by Mr. Wanger is the fact that over 70 per cent of the motion-picture theatres in America are located in towns with less than fifty thousand population. The Iowa theatregoer is less likely to have a highly developed sense of, and interest in, the socio-economic problems of the day than his more sophisticated cousin whose job it is to make films or criticize them for a living and whose buying is done from Wilshire Boulevard or Fifth Avenue, as against a Sears Roebuck catalogue or the local unit of Montgomery Ward.

So long as motion pictures continue to be primarily a business enterprise conducted for private profit in an economy at least theoretically free, they will be apt to take the shapes and colors most pleasing to their audience — an audience quick to reflect its distaste for a theme or its treatment by the easiest method: staying away. Surely there is nothing remarkable about this.

THE FILMS THAT MAKE MONEY

WHAT ARE the chief arguments raised by the proponents of "controversial" screen material?

Speaking at the presentation of the New York Newspaper Film Critics' Award in January, 1939, Dudley Nichols said, in part:

> Hollywood, in its fear of losing profits by making enemies, in its mad desire to appease the prejudices of every group, has submitted to an ever tightening censorship under which it becomes impossible to deal with reality. The field of picture writing has been

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> fenced in until the pasture is dry. The American cinema is strangling under a rope which it helped to put around its own neck.

What are the facts?

In spite of the wailings of Mr. Nichols and others to the effect that Hollywood is committing suicide by its refusal to be realistic, the figures tell a different story. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for example, has not failed to make a profit since its inception as a company in 1924, with net profits ranging from a low of $2,949,000 in 1924 to a high of $14,942,000 in 1930. This is a record which for consistency alone could well be envied by a company in any business field. Twentieth Century–Fox, since it was founded in 1935, has shown a steadily rising net profit (in all years save 1938, when it nonetheless made $7,252,466) through merchandising the type of "escapist" film specialized in by its production chief, Darryl Zanuck — a type of film which could scarcely be said to carry a "vital" message.

These would seem the best possible proofs of the desire of the public for noncontroversial screen topics. Indeed, the ubiquitous Miss Shirley Temple was voted the greatest money-making star by the independent exhibitors of the nation for the fourth successive year. Entertainment per se would still seem to be a paying business; and the desire for controversial screen fare apparently does not have a very broad or solid base in the minds and emotions of the people themselves.

Archibald MacLeish, in an article which contended strongly that Hollywood should take sides in "today's political and industrial crises," quoted from *Variety* to this effect:

> There is currently a pronounced public apathy towards the (motion picture) industry in its average output of product. . . . The weakness lies largely in the refusal of Hollywood to tackle courageously the contemporary American scene.

That quotation was said to have been taken from an issue of *Variety* which appeared in the summer of 1938. With the passage of less than a year, that publication's famous breezy style accommodated itself to the following news:

> 20TH BIZ HITTING NEW HIGH
>
> Income of 20th Fox for first quarter this year promises to set a new record for any like period in the history of the company. . . . Heavy box-office returns from "Kentucky" and "Jesse James" are boosting production company's gross to the new high.
>
> "Kentucky" is expected to equal domestic gross of "In Old Chicago" which was the mainstay of the initial quarter of 1938. . . . "Jesse James" according to returns to date seems headed for a domestic take of $3,500,000 which will equal the record of "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

All four of the films named are the essence of escapism in their themes, differing to any degree only in locale and time; indeed, even the casts are largely identical, with Tyrone Power the male lead in three of the four and Don Ameche and Alice Faye costarred with Mr. Power in two of them. In order to reach the status of these moneymakers, a film must get the approval, registered only in the number of tickets sold, of a large portion of the picture-going public. That these four did would seem to be proof apparent of the continuing success of the type of film which, in *Variety's* earlier words, refused to "tackle courageously the contemporary Amercian scene."

It may be said that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Twentieth Century–Fox are the two most successful of the film companies, at least in recent times, and that therefore an examination of their product cannot wholly prove the desires of today's audiences. But the fact is that they are successful *because* of the product they make, a type of product, as evinced by the foregoing, which is notably noncontroversial and nonrealistic. The companies which are currently in the financial doghouse are there as often as not because of real-estate overexpansion or other monetary escapades undertaken outside the realm of "sticking to business." It seems established beyond doubt that a talent for production, coupled with efficient and enthusiastic selling, will keep a motion-picture company which has capable management away from the banks, save as a depositor. "Escapism" may still be translated "box office" in America.

FEVER PITCH

THE QUESTION of social responsibility is something else again.

The tremendous influence which can be wielded by films on their audiences is at once an incentive and a threat to those who would use the screen as an incubator for their particular ideas. For the presentation of realism soon tends to be propaganda, which is merely realism with an interpretation added.

Pointing to radio and its magnificent handling of events of the last two years abroad,

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the critics of "things as they are" curl a scornful lip at movies and their never-never land as projected on the screen. Forgotten is the job done by the newsreels in the case of the *Panay* "incident," and perhaps never known was the pitch to which audiences were collectively raised by a newsreel showing an American ship being attacked by a foreign power.

The effect of something seen and heard, as opposed to something merely heard, is astounding when the individual, as in the one case, is part of a crowd in a theatre and, in the other, is at home alone or with one or two companions, listening to the radio. A law may define a "mob" as "two or more persons," but how many lynchings are done by one man or by two or three?

The tremendous force with which propaganda films would hit their audiences and thus the great danger inherent in the showing of such films is not a matter to be passed over lightly. It is Mr. Wanger's personal conviction that American audiences are far too intelligent to fall prey to any false ideologies which might emanate from the screen. With all due respect to the American mind, I hold that it is still as full of latent hate against any group with which it is not itself affiliated, as easy a prey to prejudice, as is the collective mind of any nation which may still be said to have one.

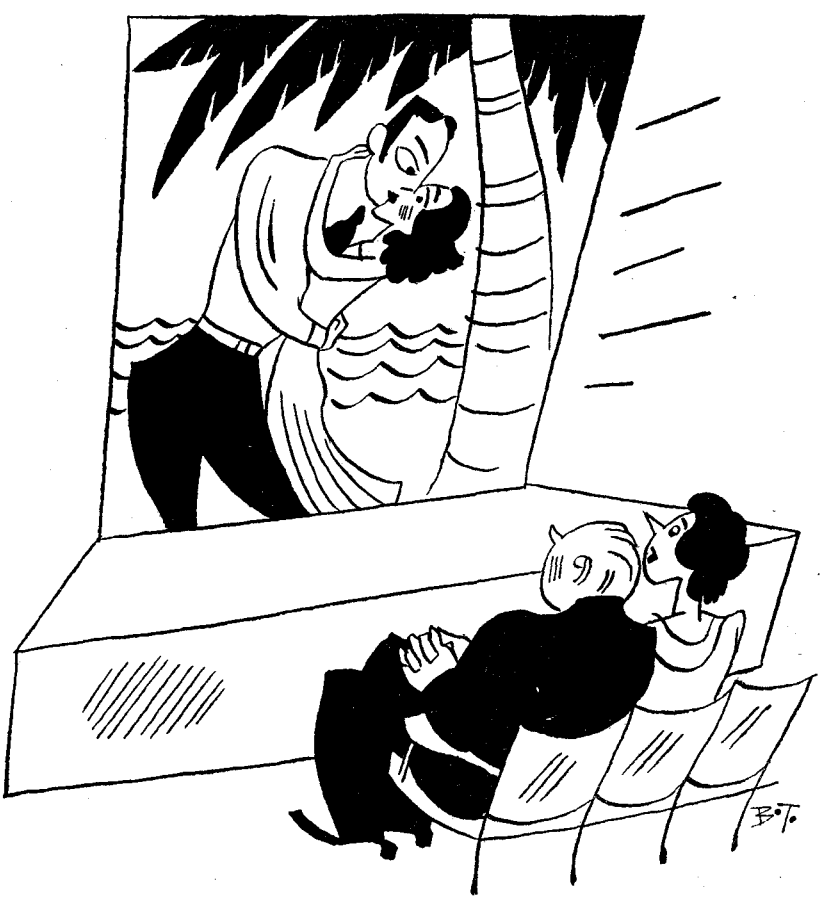
In the free Germany before Hitler, propaganda pictures played a well-defined role in sharpening the distinctions, making more bitter the cleavages, which were shortly to allow an organized minority to take over the country. In 1929–1930, the communists made a picture called *Kuhle Wampe*, under a director named Dudow. The film was promptly reviled by such organs of the Nationalist Socialist Party as the *Voelkischer Beobachter*. In 1931–1932, UFA made the film *Yorck*, about a German general who, during the Napoleonic period, successfully rebelled against the king, the incident being made to conform to Nazi ideology. The *Vorwaerts*, one of the leading left-wing papers, promptly raised a great hue and cry about this, in turn.

Such incidents as these could scarcely be said to have aided in the solidification of a people sadly in need of unity, nor does it seem too imaginative to conceive of parallels in these United States, composed as they are of heterogeneous and, for the most part, parochial groups. Similar occurrences in the Germany which existed prior to 1933 were numerous. *All Quiet on the Western Front* was greeted in theatres by gas bombs thrown by Nazis.

If what is desired by the proponents of propaganda for the screen is the immediate creation of several warring camps within the country, their tendencies toward violence heightened and intensified by films, then the instrument seems perfectly adapted for the attainment of the end.

Foreign Sales

A COMMON RALLYING GROUND for self-appointed prophets of the doom of the "entertainment" film is a rapidly contracting foreign market. Constantly stressed are the facts that the German barter system, when Ameri-



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can films were allowed to be shown in Germany at all, was a nightmare to American exporters; that no currency may be removed from Japan; that the American companies themselves, rather than submit to completely restrictive conditions, have withdrawn from Italy, in some cases literally burning their film behind them; that Austria and Czechoslovakia no longer exist on the financial film map, their newly adopted swastika being as hostile to American films as are the Russian hammer and sickle; and that war-ravaged Spain and China are not a sight to gladden the eye of a foreign sales manager.

But the international market for films is still not as gloomy as it has frequently been made to seem. Nathan D. Golden, chief of the Motion Picture Division of the U. S. Department of Commerce, has pointed out that this country's domination of the world's motion-picture screens fell off from 70 to 65 per cent in 1938, which still leaves a lot to lose, while American film exports to all countries during 1938 declined only 6.1 per cent. Many a film, especially those which the trade itself euphoniously refers to as "prestige" pictures, is enabled to show that tremendous difference between a dead loss and a live profit by reason of francs, guilders, and shillings. How else explain the announcement of Murray Silverstone, executive head of United Artists, that his company will greatly expand its international policy for 1940?

War, of course, is disruptive of all business in the belligerent countries; but, speaking generally, until dictators start giving orders to all the film exchanges, a large and lucrative share of the world market still remains for the distributor of American films, hampered though he may be in some countries by quotas or other restrictions.

In addition to the recognized technical proficiency of American pictures (which makes many a foreign producer, exhibitor, and critic wonder at the accolades so consistently bestowed by American critics on foreign rather than American films), one of the outstanding reasons why American movies have had such success in the foreign field is their very universality — a universality springing primarily from the fact that they *are* entertainment as opposed to propaganda or a realistic record of the pains of a troubled world.

Common Sense, Not Censorship

It is a pity that there is no such thing as an "average" theatre. If there were, an examination of its patrons would probably do more than all the words in the world to convince those who would like to see the screen carry a "message" that the entertainment provided by films as they are is its own justification. The Detroit automobile mechanic, the Pittsburgh steelworker, the wife of the wheat-belt farmer are now able to find what is sadly lacking in their own lives. For these people, films are both a safety valve and a completely necessary escape. The realities of the world are close enough and harsh enough during working hours. Meaningless as the musical comedies, the glorified Westerns, and the rest may be to those with leisure to devote themselves to changing the subjects of the screen, it takes leisure to appreciate the fact that many a film is meaningless — a leisure which the ordinary working person simply doesn't have. It is the well-protected who worry about the wider movements and their economic and political consequences. The screen audience, being most of America, is more concerned about the milk bill.

Those who sincerely advocate a controversial screen are apt to do so primarily with an idea of supporting their own particular social, political, or economic philosophy. Doing this, they are prone to make the great mistake of underestimating the strength of the enemy — no matter on which side the enemy may be. But it would seem to be chiefly those with a well-intentioned liberal or left-wing philosophy who are most ardent in their desire to put films to work for their cause.

Assuming they were successful, the reaction would in all likelihood not be long in forthcoming. Suffice it to say that the Irving Trust Company remains the trustee in bankruptcy of RKO Radio Pictures and that the Chase National Bank, as of the SEC reports for the first eleven months of 1938, still held 226,758 shares of the 1,741,982 of common stock, and 671,916 of the 946,711 shares of the preferred stock of Twentieth Century–Fox. It is doubtful if these or any other banking institutions would stand idly by while their own money was being put to work to needle them with even a mildly tinged radicalism. Most if not all the in-

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dependent producers who have no direct affiliations with a major distributor are typically bank-financed in their production ventures; while scarcely any of even the largest producing companies would not be in an embarrassing position, in common with the majority of American businesses, if credit channels were no longer open to them.

So it is difficult to conceive of a situation in which enough left-wing films were made to cause real alarm in the breasts of the banking community, without retaliation. It is all too probable that, if a simple closing of credit lines did not prove effective, the retaliation would take the form of films to tell the opposite side of the story.

An open war of opposing creeds, fought on the screen, is not calculated to benefit the country as a whole or even any of its parts, whether regarded geographically or economically.

Main opposition to the use of the screen for any other than purely entertainment purposes has stemmed from Martin Quigley's *Motion Picture Herald*. But that opposition is felt in other quarters of the industry itself is evidenced by statements, confirming Mr. Quigley's stand, by such people as Barney Balaban, president of Paramount; Dr. A. H. Giannini, former president of United Artists; Joseph M. Schenck, chairman of the board of Twentieth Century–Fox; and many an independent theatre owner.

George Schaefer, president of RKO, has said:

> The privilege of a free screen carries with it the responsibility of preserving it. . . . That the motion picture could be a tremendous instrument for propaganda no one could deny, but that it has kept itself practically free from this use and has stuck to its primary job of furnishing entertainment is a tribute to the common sense and integrity of the industry as a whole.

In answering the oft voiced criticism that the motion-picture production code epitomizes the evils of censorship, Mr. Shaefer emphasized that the code was adopted by the industry itself as a measure of self-regulation. His statement pointed out that nothing in the code denies anyone the opportunity to make a patriotic film but that, when propaganda or "controversial" themes are disseminated under the guise of patriotic films, the problem becomes a different one.

Even then, however, no producer can be stopped by the production-code administration from making any type of film he wants. He is still at perfect liberty to turn out a propaganda picture, although typically the code officials would advise against it simply on the basis that there would be small demand for such a film.

While Mr. Schaefer's stand was taken in answer to a speech made by Walter Wanger, the advice might well be heeded by the majority of motion-picture producers. The trend toward using films to "sell America to the Americans," by way of answer to the high-pressure nationalism abroad, may turn out to be a boomerang. Not long is the sauce of jingoism unflavored by the bitter taste of hatred for the alien, and "alien" comes all too soon to mean the individual who disagrees with you. It seems completely evident that, for its own sake as well as for the good of its audiences, Hollywood would do well to answer those who want to use the screen for political preachments with an emphatic, "No!"

In an early issue:
'America Is Not God,'
by William Henry Chamberlin

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Self-Government and Isolation

by **RICHARD B. SCANDRETT, JR.**

THE CURRENT prevailing attitude of the American people toward foreign affairs is to stop, look, and listen. We have more awareness and greater skepticism than in 1914. The conquest of time and space by the radio has already given the American people a much clearer perspective than they had during the last war. Many, of whom perhaps the most effective spokesman is Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh, have greater apprehension of Russia than of Germany and differentiate between "leftist" Russia and "rightist" Germany, although the cogency of this distinction has disappeared in respect to the Russia of Stalin and the Germany of Hitler. For, whatever directions they followed in the past, both are now on common ground which is a clear and definite repudiation of self-government.

THE FOLLY OF ISOLATION

IN 1917 PUBLIC OPINION in the United States repudiated our century-old tradition of isolation; and, under the slogan, "Make the world safe for democracy," the United States entered the World War on the side of the Allies. With the defeat of Germany in 1918, our prewar isolationism revived to become a dogma. The isolationist position, to which the United States returned in 1920, puts on us a share in the responsibility for the present war.

In 1919 the world was yearning, as we are all yearning today, for what Anne Morrow Lindbergh so feelingly referred to recently as a "long range attitude toward peace." Under the leadership of the isolationists, we drew aloof and refused to accept any share in the responsibility for trying to prevent a recurrence of the disaster of another world war. We threw overboard an opportunity, such as we had never had before, to add our influence in the scale on the side of world peace. Those who believed in the League idea in 1920 realized that its chances of effectiveness were immeasurably decreased with the United States on the outside.

"In the last war," some say, "we joined the war but ran out on the peace." They hope that this time we can "keep out of the war and control the peace." There is little realistic basis for this hope, as victors in a war do not delegate to others peacemaking functions which are more than nominal. Secretary Stimson understood, in 1931, what the isolationists had failed to understand in 1920 — that world peace and our own ultimate safety require us to be concerned about what is happening in the rest of the world. He recognized that unrestricted sovereignty was, in the long run, no more defensible or possible for a nation than unrestricted liberty is for an individual.

England side-stepped the overtures of Secretary Stimson in 1931 when the issue became defined with regard to the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. The attitude of the British Government in 1931 and since has encouraged the dictator countries to believe that the progress of the world toward peaceful adjustments, as against coercion by physical force, has been reversed. The result has been that the price of world peace has become higher and higher. Since 1931 the world situation has become steadily worse with each successive ostrich performance. It finally became apparent that there was no longer any plausible reason for believing that "appeasement" would not continue to fail, and last September Chamberlain was forced by the English people to recognize its folly.

THE CHALLENGE TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION

IN TERMS of centuries, mankind has progressed spiritually and intellectually as well as economically. The Greeks liberated our minds. The Romans gave us laws and the sanctity of

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contracts. Christianity developed the humane virtues. The French contributed intellectual integrity. The English inculcated loyalty and that indefinable quality which they themselves call "decency." We, in America, have contributed more than any other nation to the development of self-government and the evolution toward equality of economic and social opportunity as a necessary preservative of political freedom. All these have been advancements in the evolution of mankind which we call Western civilization.

Hitler and Stalin and their followers despise and seek to wipe out the civilized elements in human nature which the centuries have evolved. There is no place in the theory or practice of National Socialism for the liberated mind or the sanctity of contracts. To Hitler the humanity of Christianity is "soft." Both the German and Soviet governments have discarded intellectual integrity. They hold that self-government and good government are contradictory. Any decrease in the standards of international morality in the world is a serious threat not only to the peoples in other parts of the world but to our own progress and essential interests as a nation. To improve good faith and morality between the nations of the world is a challenge to the thought and courage of the present generation.

If the totalitarian states should defeat England and France, our difficulties in maintaining self-government in the United States would be greatly increased, even if we can believe that we should not be forced ultimately into a war to defend ourselves and our institutions physically. For the dictatorships have demonstrated that they are as aggressive in their subversive peacetime activities as in military operations. How can anyone doubt that our security would be jeopardized should the British navy be throttled? So long as England and France are able to check Hitler, we are safe. Our best chance of keeping out of war is their being able to do so. Our attitude is not and should not be based on what England or France or Russia or Germany stood for one hundred, twenty, or even three years ago. It is and should be based on where they stand in relation to the present international situation. The issue in the war is not limited to aggression against Poland or Finland or the suppression of Austria and Czechoslovakia. It is whether or not the problems of the world are to be henceforth decided entirely by brute force.

Hitler, aided by Stalin, has impelled his people into a war, and the *peoples* of France and England have *forced* their leaders to resist. Irrespective of what we may believe to have been the motives, policies, or predatory actions of England and France in the past, the American people are already spiritually aligned with the peoples of France and England. It is less difficult to determine where our sympathies and interests are than it is to determine what we can or should do to protect them.

Self-Government versus Dictatorship

I believe that the long-range attitude of the American people toward their fundamental internal problems will determine their course of action in the international situation. The failure to make adequate adjustments between consumptive and productive capacity has caused many of our citizens to have sincere doubts as to the practicability of a continued development of self-government under the democratic process. The depression and the increase in unemployment have magnified these doubts. The relatively satisfactory co-operation which existed, under an expanding economy, between the owners and nonowners of the means of production decreased abruptly with the sudden contraction of our economy. Faith in the democratic process under universal franchise declined proportionately among the owners of the means of production as its operation tended to infringe on what they regard as "rights" and the nonowners call "privileges." The extension of the democratic idea beyond the political and into the social and economic fields brought skepticism. "Security" became a fetish to the rich as well as the poor. Many individuals at the extremes of political thought think that they prefer dictatorship to the effort and sacrifices necessary to maintain a functioning democratic system. Our civil liberties have been subjected to recurring attacks.

Can we continue to maintain the faith, on which our form of government is founded, in our own considered and deliberate collective judgment? We hear timeworn expressions of defeatism prophesying the impending failure of our democracy. These prophecies come from those who fail to understand that democracy, in its nature, always has promises outstanding

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which are performable in the future. For more than 150 years we have maintained our faith in our collective judgment as a people and have gradually extended the franchise. The progress which we have made under this form of government has at times been slow, but it has been real. Notwithstanding temporary setbacks, our forward movement toward social and economic justice has been appreciable. A much greater proportion of our population is living on the right side of the tracks today than fifty years ago. Free speech has given us an increasing awareness of economic, social, and political abuses, and this awareness has enabled us to take steps to correct such abuses. Our democracy is a positive rather than a negative ideal and has been constantly on the offensive.

It is essential that we maintain a sufficient faith in ourselves to make sacrifices to preserve our self-government and, if necessary, to fight for it. We must keep moving forward. We must not retreat before an escapist romanticism or a negative skepticism. I do not believe that the American people will retreat. As Lincoln said, in 1860, that the paramount purpose was to "preserve the Union," we should think and say today that our paramount purpose is to "preserve self-government in this country." And if we believe in self-government we must recognize that any decision should be, in real sense, the deliberate judgment of the people themselves. The successful resistance to the recent proposal to emasculate the Supreme Court demonstrated clearly that the American people are competent to preserve their right to govern themselves.

"Peoples" Do Not Become Aggressors

I believe that the only way to bring about "a long-range attitude toward peace" is to resist the movement, inherent in the totalitarian states, to wipe out self-government. Nations whose peoples have the ultimate power no longer become aggressors. Our freedom of choice in respect to war cannot be absolute so long as we depend on others to combat international aggression.

All can share Anne Lindbergh's hope for "a bigger peace than has ever been offered before, an active and not a static peace, one which can bend with the needs of man." But few will agree with her that Hitlerism is a spirit which "you cannot kill or incarcerate" or that "it is irrelevant whether or not we feel that this spirit of an embittered Germany is justified or whether we admire such a spirit."

The preservation and advancement of what we call Western civilization requires that we try to find and promote "a long range attitude toward peace." There will be no voluntary participation by the United States in the present conflict without a conviction in the American people that the war aims of the Allies are calculated effectively to promote self-government and peace in the world. The totalitarian *Weltpolitik* threatens self-government everywhere. A victory for Britain and France may not insure self-government and peace to the peoples of the world, but a victory for Germany and Russia would certainly go a long way toward curtailing such self-government as now exists.

War Aims

It seems to me that the present war is, in effect, a continuation of a war in which the first battle commenced in 1914 and ended in 1918. During that battle England and France did not adopt or fully understand the war aims which led the American people to enter the World War. Consequently a victory in that battle did not result in a victory in the war. The world was not made safe for democracy.

It does not follow that our own war aims were wrong in 1917 or that we should continue to repudiate them as we did in the decade following the unsuccessful attempt to make a lasting peace at Versailles. There has been increasing evidence during the past year that the peoples of England and France have made significant strides toward a more sympathetic comprehension of the American point of view and that their present war aims are now much nearer those which we had in 1917. Certainly the complacency with which England sat smugly in the position she achieved during her predatory period has been severely jolted. Finland's present predicament should help to clarify the international issue in the minds of the American public. If the British and French people again assert themselves and compel their leaders to align their countries openly with Finland, such an action should go far toward convincing the people here that England and France are not waging a "predatory war," against the "peoples" of other nations.

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It became clear during the debate in connection with the so-called neutrality legislation, in our last Congress, that the issue was whether or not we should indicate our good will toward Germany or toward the Allies. I believe that Congress voiced the feeling of a preponderant majority of its constituents when it voted that our good will was on the side of the Allies. The present policy of the United States should be to do everything possible, short of actual participation in the fighting, to prevent any direct or indirect help emanating from this country to either Germany or Russia.

When the Allies frankly recognize that they are fighting Russia, as well as Germany, and the American people are satisfied that England and France are in fact fighting against international aggression and *for* adjustments through peaceful negotiations instead of by brute force, public opinion in the United States will be likely to compel our government to align itself more definitely against the dictatorships. Then, I believe that we will and should extend direct help to the Allies.

I am quite aware that there will be many who will disagree with the views which I have set forth in this article. I do not believe, however, that the American people have yet squarely faced the possibility of a victory by Germany and Russia in the present war. When they frankly face such a possibility, I am convinced that they will conclude that no price is too high to prevent such a victory.

A Will for Peace

The peoples in all the warring nations, as well as the neutrals who are standing armed on their borders, must all share our hopes for an early end to this struggle. But there can be a defeatism more devastating than war. For defeatism is often the role of those who cherish an ideal in their hearts but choose to play a negative rather than a positive part in its fulfillment. We can pray for peace, and none will deny that "our humility should be overflowing." But who would counsel a people whose liberty is threatened to rely entirely on prayer?

England and France tried to follow what they hoped would prove to be a "long range attitude toward peace" when Germany annexed Austria. Again at Munich and later when Czechoslovakia was taken over, England and France capitulated to Hitler, moved by the same hope as Mrs. Lindbergh that by peace before the beginning of a war "there might be some solution for the European problems." Reluctantly, too reluctantly, it at last became apparent to the *peoples* of England and France that the road to peace is still a rocky road, and they forced their governments to recognize that the will for peace must be as dynamic in peace lovers as is the will for power in dictators.

THE FORUM has no 'editorial policy' on questions which are matters of opinion, except to give a hearing to reasonable points of view. Other American views of the war will find expression in future issues

A Letter from Sweden

From Stockholm comes a reply, much delayed in the transatlantic mails, to the Editor's request of his friend, Sven Hedin, the noted Swedish explorer, for an opinion on American foreign policy, as seen from beleaguered Scandinavia.

My dear Henry Leach:

You ask me what, in my view, is the best policy for America to adopt in the present war.

During the World War, America supplied the Entente with inexhaustible supplies of weapons, ammunition, raw materials, and money and, from the summer of 1917 onwards, also with excellently armed troops, altogether 2,080,000 men, of whom 1,350,000 were fighting forces. This supplement of power to the Entente broke the resistance of the German soldiers, worn out after four years and three months of war; it decided the fate of Germany.

After the defeat of the German Empire and its collapse followed the Versailles peace, dictated in a spirit of revenge and annihilation. From the seed sown then by statesmen blinded by hate, there springs up now, only twenty years later, the harvest which we see ripening

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wherever we look, a harvest that fills the world with fear and which, unless it is stopped before it is too late, must bring about the greatest and most destructive catastrophe that has ever visited mankind in all its history.

I ask therefore: Is it wise, is it fair, is it worthy of a great civilized nation like America to take part in this mad war and so bring about a repetition of the crippling course of events we witnessed between 1917 and 1939?

During the World War of 1914–1918, 12,000,000 soldiers fell, the flower of the manhood of the great powers of Europe. If all the devils of unlimited warfare are now to be released, the losses in human life will be fearful, and, from the point of view of race hygiene, the white peoples of the Old World will sink down a gigantic step toward physical and spiritual collapse. For it may be taken for granted that none of the combatants would yield so long as he possessed an ounce of resistance in him.

German soldiers are the best in the world — the war of 1914 showed that, when they held out for four years and more against six great powers and twenty-three other states and when every German had seventeen men against him. But the same war showed, too, that they could be beaten in the end. If America, with her inexhaustible resources of goods, armaments, and man power, enters the war on the side of the Western powers, Germany's fate is sealed. I consider the possibility precluded that Soviet Russia could give Germany any considerable help on the battle field.

It has been said somewhere in the West that the peace after this war, if Germany is beaten, will leave Versailles in the shade: this time Germany must expect a peace that will annihilate her. A great, proud, and patriotic people *cannot* be annihilated. It may bleed, and be crippled for a time, but it rises to power again.

During such an unarmed period of humiliation in Germany, the harvest would be ripe for the Russian legionaries. With astonishing speed, since the moment when the declaration of war by England and France occupied Germany in the West, the Soviet Union has got into her clutches the Baltic countries and Finland and appeared as a competitor to Germany's dominance in the Baltic. Tomorrow may bring us a similar advance in the south, into Bessarabia and the Balkans. Then, when England's, France's, and America's victory is complete, Russia will overrun Poland, the former territory of Czechoslovakia, and Germany, and the red torches of bolshevism will blaze over the whole of central Europe. Then will come the turn of the other countries of Europe, and bolshevism will have achieved the first and most difficult stage on its way to world revolution, with its aim of annihilating the whole of Western civilization.

Such a train of development I believe to be inevitable — if America joins in. But Germany is tremendously strong and will resist to the uttermost. Last time, the Germans had to fight on two fronts in Europe, as well as in Asia and Africa and at sea. Now the whole of their military might is concentrated on a single front. In the World War, it took four years to bring Germany down — now, resistance will be incomparably harder, and America's entry into the war will only lengthen the years of its course. Is it credible that part of humanity which still believes in God and the Supreme Leader of the destiny of nations can tolerate year after year such systematic slaughter, organized bloodshed on a gigantic scale? Should not the spirit of reason and conciliation triumph over that of hatred and destruction in an earlier stage?

Monarchs and leaders of the neutral countries have already attempted in the name of humanity to pave the way for peace. Their voices have not been heard. England is concerned with the continued existence and security of her empire, the German people with their existence and freedom, France with her fidelity to her ally, her honor, and her fear of the growing strength of Germany.

For America, for Europe, and for the whole world, I believe it would be best if the U. S. A., instead of joining in the war, were to use their high authority and their tremendous position as a great power, as leaders of all the neutral countries in the world, to compel a peace that would give security, to call together a conference of the leading men from the powers at war and lead the way to a sensible reconstruction of Europe and a just and right division of the productive areas of the world. America has a glorious mission to fulfill, and her work in saving humanity from the depths of her need will be remembered through the centuries and be blessed by generations yet unborn.

SVEN HEDIN

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Reciprocal Tariffs

A Debate

I—Continue the Trade-Agreements Program!

***by* CORDELL HULL**

United States Secretary of State

In June, 1934, our nation embarked on a program of reciprocal trade agreements, as an emergency means of meeting grave emergency conditions. Authority was given the President to negotiate trade agreements with foreign countries, making and securing concessions as to tariff rates, with reductions allowed not to exceed 50 per cent of existing rates. This act was extended by Congress in March, 1937. Unless action is taken by Congress to extend further this authority, it will expire June, 1940.

If this program is not extended, our nation will be deprived of one of its most effective means for the promotion of domestic prosperity and the strengthening of the foundations of enduring world peace.

The trade-agreements program was set up for the express purpose of expanding our exports through the reduction of trade barriers in other countries. I submit that it has done so.

We have concluded twenty-two reciprocal trade agreements to date. The countries with whom the agreements are in effect represent about 60 per cent of our total foreign trade. In these agreements, valuable concessions have been obtained for literally hundreds of our agricultural and nonagricultural products. Important foreign markets have been kept open or expanded for our producers of cotton, wheat, corn, hog products, fruits, vegetables, tobacco, lumber, iron and steel semimanufactures, autos and trucks, electrical apparatus and machinery, rubber products, textiles, chemicals, and a host of other American specialties.

Let me emphasize that this program was inaugurated when our country and the world were still facing the difficulties and distress resulting from the worst economic depression of modern times, caused chiefly by false economic policies. Instead of encouraging a mutually advantageous trade among nations, which was the only practical method of bringing within reach of all the benefits of natural resources and human skills, so unevenly distributed over the earth, nations entered on the road of narrow nationalism through disruptive trade restrictions.

With what result? Literal stagnation of world trade. Between 1929 and 1932, our foreign trade had dropped from over $9,500,000,000 to less than $3,000,000,000.

While this was going on, in the face of the utter collapse of world trade, the statesmen of the world made the fatal blunder of resorting to the very thing that lay at the root of the disaster — a still more exaggerated protectionism. Our Smoot-Hawley tariff act of 1930 was the cumulative point of this process and contributed powerfully to the ruin of our agriculture and our national economy as a whole.

High tariffs, embargoes, quotas, import licenses, exchange controls, numerous other devices for preventing imports from abroad, and various discriminatory practices all helped to shrivel trade and cause a diversion of much of what remained of international commerce into unnatural and abnormal channels.

It was obvious that our foreign trade could be restored only through a reduction of these excessive barriers here and abroad. The best possible manner of accomplishing this was to negotiate mutually beneficial trade agreements with individual countries, based on a reciprocal reduction of excessive trade barriers. So for six years we have followed the sound theory that our exports and imports are interdependent. Nations cannot sell without buying. In the trade-agreements act, Congress

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created an instrumentality of swift and effective action on our part for the promotion of our foreign trade, admirably suited to the special needs of a disturbed world.

II

TAKING THE AVERAGE figures for the years 1934–1935 and similar figures for the years 1937–1938, we find that our exports increased by one billion dollars, or 46 per cent. This increase was obviously caused by several factors, but the role played in it by the trade-agreements program is suggested by the following: Our exports to trade-agreements countries rose, during this period, by 61 per cent, while our exports to nonagreement countries increased by only 38 per cent.

It should be obvious that, when we secure a reduction in obstructive trade barriers, we make it easier for our trade to flow.

The effectiveness of the program may be measured in another way. The countries with which we have concluded trade agreements have generally increased their purchases of American products more than they have increased the purchases of the products of other countries.

Not only have substantial and welcome increases in our exports resulted, but many countries which formerly discriminated against our products now accord them equality of treatment with other nations.

It was obviously the intent of Congress that in the process of negotiating trade agreements our domestic producers should be helped rather than hurt. I submit that in carrying out our program the executive branch of the government has willingly and scrupulously complied with this intent of Congress. We have reduced duties only in those cases in which, after most careful examination, they have been found unduly burdensome. No evidence of serious injury has been adduced in the assertions and allegations which have been put forward by the critics of the trade-agreements program.

The loudest claims of injury have been made in connection with agriculture. What are the facts?

By the end of 1932, after two and a half years of Smoot-Hawley tariff embargoes, farm cash income had declined from $11,200,000,000 to $4,700,000,000. By 1938, after five years of the trade-agreements program, it had risen to $7,600,000,000, and preliminary estimates for 1939 show a slightly larger total. Does this indicate injury?

The most reckless claims have been made in connection with the cattle and the dairy industries. The income of the cattle industry, which had fallen from $1,495,000,000 in 1929 to $621,000,000 in 1932, rose to $1,144,000,000 in 1938. The income of the dairy industry, which had fallen from $1,844,000,000 to $991,000,000, rose between 1932 and 1938 to $1,398,000,000. Does that indicate ruin?

The trade-agreements policy has expanded markets at home and abroad for all groups of producers. This result has been owing primarily to the method employed in carrying out the program, whose main features are as follows: An interdepartmental organization, consisting of experienced and well-informed practical experts of the departments of State, Agriculture, Treasury, and Commerce and of the Tariff Commission, handles the preparation and negotiation of the trade agreements. All interested parties are given ample opportunity to present their views, orally or in writing, with respect to every phase of the program. No decision is reached on any particular customs duty without an extended and profound study of all pertinent data, both those assembled by the interdepartmental organization itself and those presented to the organization by interested parties — producers, consumers, merchandisers of the commodity involved, and anyone else who feels that he has an interest in the proceedings.

The results are reviewed by the responsible heads of the departments participating in the work and, finally, by the President. Here is a method democratic in every sense of the word.

Does the nation desire to return to the log-rolling method of setting up tariffs? We have taken the leadership among nations to reverse the fatal trend toward narrow nationalism. Our work has borne tangible fruit.

With new wars in progress in the world, it is apparent that the establishment of sound international trade relations will be an essential problem of postwar reconstruction. What role will our country play in this process?

The choice before us is whether or not we shall continue to lead the way toward economic progress, sustained prosperity, and enduring peace for our nation and for the world.

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II — Abolish This Costly, Illegal System!

by **ARTHUR CAPPER**

United States Senator from Kansas

I AM OPPOSED to the reciprocal trade-agreements program. Proof is ample that, since its enactment in 1934, this tariff scheme has done inestimable injury to American farming and industry.

My opposition to the program is not political. On the score of political partisanship, I believe my record in and out of the Senate verifies the statement that I never have approached the farm problem or any other important question affecting the welfare of the United States and the people of our country from a partisan angle. I have supported and I have opposed policies and programs of Republican and Democratic presidents alike, solely on what I believed to be the merits of the propositions under consideration.

I have co-operated at every turn of the road with Secretary Wallace and his Triple-A, even when I felt that some of his farm policies were unsound and some of his methods impractical.

I have the sincerest respect for Secretary Hull. I believe in his sincerity, and my heart warms to him for his stubborn courage. There is much in his "good neighbor" program which I heartily approve. But I vigorously oppose the reciprocal trade-agreements plan as the treaties are now being negotiated and the program administered.

I oppose this program first because it is injurious to our domestic welfare. I am in favor of building up our foreign trade — but not at the expense of our domestic prosperity and progress.

The reciprocal trade-agreements policy is based on mutual adjustment of tariff rates downward, on removing or lowering tariff barriers. That sounds fine. But let us look at what it means in fact.

It must be self-evident that the purpose of reducing the tariff rate on any commodity, in these trade agreements, is to encourage the country with which it is made to believe that it will dispose of more of those commodities in the American market. When a Canadian agreement is made reducing the tariff on beef cattle shipped into the United States, the Canadians have a right to believe they will ship more beef cattle into our country. They did so believe and they do sell us more beef cattle.

When the excise tax on imports of crude petroleum and fuel oil is cut in half, as in the recent agreement with Venezuela, it is the plain intention to encourage the shipment into the United States of more crude and fuel oils from Venezuela and, under the "favored nation" policy, also more crude and fuel oils from Mexico.

When it was recently proposed that changes be made in the tariff rates on numerous farm products from Argentina, we were entitled to believe, and the Argentine citizens were entitled to believe that more farm products would be imported into the United States from Argentina. If the negotiations did not mean that, then our State Department was attempting to flimflam the Argentine people. And Secretary Hull would *not* be guilty of flimflamming those South American neighbors.

Every one of the twenty-two agreements now in effect is a promise to the country with which it was negotiated that more of its commodities will be disposed of in the American market. How does this affect the American producer and his market?

Take farm products, for example. It is self-evident that no American farm product produced in surplus quantities is bringing better than parity price on the American market. Many of our farm products are selling away below cost of production.

We have an open market on farm commodities inside the United States. You cannot beat the law of supply and demand in an open market. If you increase the supply in such a market, you lower the price. *In an open market, the lowest offer sets the price.*

So it is inescapable that, when you increase imports of farm products into a domestic market already oversupplied, you drive the price still further below parity.

And this while the federal treasury is pouring out billions of dollars in the attempt to bring parity prices to the American farmer! These

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two programs, the Triple-A plan of crop controls and the reciprocal trade-agreements, just do not make sense. They cannot be reconciled.

II

Now I know that supporters of trade agreements will produce figures and statistics in abundance — one might say in surplus — to show that the additional imports of wheat, beef, dairy products, and the like are such a small percentage of domestic consumption that the effect of lowered tariffs is imperceptible. But the effect is not imperceptible. It is immediate and very noticeable. I can produce many figures to prove it.

Heavy shipments of beef cattle from Canada at St. Paul sent the markets down at Kansas City, Chicago, Omaha, St. Paul — at every interior beef market. In one year, under a 5½-cent tariff rate, Argentina shipped into the United States less than 250,000 pounds of casein; in one year under a 2½-cent rate, that nation shipped into the United States 23,000,000 pounds of casein.

Such examples could be multiplied indefinitely. I could present hundreds of letters from farmers and exhibits and figures from producers and from official records, showing beyond reasonable doubt that the trade agreements already negotiated have resulted in decreasing the American market for American farm products, with accompanying lowering of farm income and sharp contraction of farm purchasing power.

I am firmly convinced that those manufacturing interests that are seeking foreign markets for their products at the expense of producers of raw materials in the United States are restricting their American markets far more than they are increasing their foreign markets. They are pursuing a most shortsighted policy. They are trading the substance — a good home market, for the shadow — foreign markets in low-income countries.

American farm purchasing power is more essential to American industry and to national prosperity than are the foreign markets that are opened up to our manufacturers through trade agreements. With all due respect to Secretary Hull and those interests which support his trade-agreements program, they are paying a higher price for a little foreign trade than such trade is worth to the United States.

Any attempt to build up our foreign trade at the expense of our domestic economy is attacking the problem from the wrong angle. I hold it is a fundamental fact that our trade with foreign countries flourishes most in periods of domestic prosperity. When our citizens have adequate purchasing power, then it is that we import the largest quantities of necessities and spend most freely for foreign luxuries.

Those in the United States interested in shipping, in importing, in exporting — even those interested in foreign trade for its effect on our political relations with foreign nations — should join forces to create first a sound domestic prosperity. The intelligent way to expand and stimulate foreign trade — exports and imports — is to establish a firm prosperity here at home. In the long run, trade depends on markets. Markets depend on purchasing power. Anything that improves the purchasing power of the American people will encourage foreign trade. Anything which tends to destroy or to impair the purchasing power of our people or of any considerable group of the American people defeats the admittedly desirable objective of increasing foreign trade.

I am opposed to what I consider the fallacy of trying to build up foreign trade through diminishing the purchasing power of the American market.

The reciprocal trade-agreements act should be taken off the statute books. It is clearly a violation of the constitutional provision which makes it the duty of the Senate to pass on all treaties to which the United States becomes a party. These trade agreements are treaties, yet the Senate has no opportunity to consider them, to ratify or reject them.

No one man, nor any executive department should be given the power to negotiate trade agreements that affect so vitally the interests of American producers of farm commodities and other raw materials — interests that touch the very heart of our agricultural and industrial life. I believe in getting the government as close to the people as possible. No other major nation with a democratic government allows such treaties or agreements to go into effect without legislative approval. For us it is contrary to the spirit of our Constitution.

This power should be returned to the legislative branch of government, where it belongs, if it is to be exercised at all.

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The Artist's Point of View

Three New Art Books

WOODCUTS AND WOOD ENGRAVINGS: *How I Make Them*, by HANS ALEXANDER MUELLER (Pynson, $9.00).

It is important news when an artist writes a book. Hans Alexander Mueller has added to our too small list of artist authors what is probably the most important book on the art and technique of the woodcut and wood engraving so far printed in English.

Mr. Mueller's presentation is not merely technical — there are dozens of books on the technique of the wood block; it explains all techniques from the point of view of the artist with a great creative vision and a remarkable versatility in execution. "No artist of our time," says Lynd Ward, who went abroad in 1926 to study with him in Germany, "so far as my knowledge and judgment go, has explored the possibilities of the medium so widely or in it achieved so much."

The picture cut into wood and printed on paper is the most visually rewarding of all printed pictures. This book reveals the vast range of such prints, from the beginner's first tool marks to printings in two, three, four, and five colors, with all steps fully explained and illustrated. It makes the woodcut come alive for the child, the grownup, the amateur, and the professional.

Finally, the book itself, the love child of Elmer Adler and the Pynson Printers, is a work of art of pure delight.

GIST OF ART, by JOHN SLOAN (American Artists, $3.75).

It is a useful service the American Artists Group is performing in bringing out books written by artists about their own work. This first one of a projected series facilitates an understanding of John Sloan the artist and of the art which he and we have inherited.

Sloan is the product of the naturalistic standards of the last century plus the liberating humanism of Robert Henri, his teacher, and the pictorial revolt from studio to life which Henri and his students initiated. The liberation, however, never included the break from naturalism later achieved by the modern movement. Sloan is a master of academic drawing and painting. His characterizations of humans are Rembrandtesque. He paints life in its limitless range (without bedecking himself in fancy titles about American Scenes) instead of only still lifes and posing nudes. This was a healthy growth in the first decade of the century. But it has not been enough since then. Sloan has learned nothing from the revolution in standards which is the revitalizing gift of the moderns.

Years ago Sloan said to me, "Design is not important. You stress it far too much." In his book he says, "Painting is drawing with the additional means of color. Painting without drawing is just 'coloriness,' color excitement. To think of color for color's sake is like thinking of sound for sound's sake. Who ever heard of a musician who was passionately fond of B flat? Color is like music."

Sloan does not know design, in the modern sense. He does not know the plastique of painting. He does not know the excitement of colors played in chords for their sensory harmonics. No one need be fond of one color or one sound; all people should be fond of chords of color or sound. "Color is music." Yes, when it is played like music and so adds values to human experience which are equal to the values of subject and its drawing. If Mr. Sloan knew that and other related design knowledge he would be one of our great contemporary artists.

THE SCULPTURE OF AUGUSTE RODIN, by SOMMERVILLE STORY (Oxford, $3.00).

These excellent and copious photographs of his sculptures reveal Rodin as the great romanticist and, perhaps, as the "greatest thinker in stone of modern times." But the works themselves definitely contradict the assertion of the author, Sommerville Story, that "Rodin was the greatest sculptor since Michael Angelo." The reason is simple. Rodin did not know form design.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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Touring the Empire State

by **A. A. McCURDY**

New York State — the great Empire State — has been endowed by nature with innumerable scenic splendors, which the energy and resourcefulness of the State government and residents have made comparatively easy of access with a maximum of modern comforts and conveniences. Within her boundaries, in addition to the multitudinous attractions of New York City, are many world-famous spots to lure the traveler. The State's geography ranges from seashore to mountain wilderness and includes rolling countryside, inland lakes and dells, and thriving cities and industrial communities. Renowned resort areas are scattered throughout the State.

Premier natural scenic attraction of and one of the wonders of the world is Niagara Falls — mecca for honeymooners for many generations. Nearby is historic Fort Niagara, built in 1726 by the French to prevent control by the English of this "gateway to the West."

The beautiful Finger Lakes region, with its six large lakes and many small ones, awesome glens and wondrous waterfalls — one (Taughannock) fifty feet higher than Niagara — has long been recognized for its scenic glamour as well as historic associations dating back to colonial days.

The Mohawk River Valley, running from the Finger Lakes eastward to the Hudson River north of Albany, attracts the traveler seeking historic sites mingled with scenic grandeur. This is the land of the Iroquois and the Mohawks, immortalized in the tales of James Fenimore Cooper.

Just south of the Junction of the Mohawk with the Hudson River is Albany, capital of the State and second oldest chartered city in the United States. This ancient Dutch trading post possesses many points of scenic and historic interest. The State Capitol and other State buildings; the State Museum; the Philip Schuyler mansion; Fort Cralo, in Rensselaer, where *Yankee Doodle* was written and first sung, are of particular interest.

Northward lies the Saratoga–Lake George region, where are the famous Saratoga battlefield, the State-owned Saratoga spa (only one of its kind in the Western Hemisphere), and the beautiful "Como of America," — thirty-three-mile-long Lake George.

The Adirondack Mountain region, containing the great Adirondack Forest Preserve — 2,165,151 acres of primeval wilderness, with hundreds of resorts, camp sites, trails, and lakes — annually is visited by thousands of nature lovers. Forming the eastern border is historic Lake Champlain — the "Old Warpath of the Nations."

Where Lake Ontario converges with the mighty St. Lawrence River is the picturesque section called the Thousand Islands, though there are actually some 1,700 islands.

South of Albany the traveler finds the Catskill Mountains, land of Rip Van Winkle, a noted summer-resort territory and famed for beauty of scenery and historic associations. Here is also a State Forest Preserve of 230,000 acres.

The majestic sweep of the Hudson River southward from Albany provides a continuous panorama of eye-filling scenery, highlighted by a number of celebrated attractions. Along its course lie historic West Point, site of the United States Military Academy; Kingston, home of the old Senate House, the oldest public building in the United States, erected in 1676 and first capitol of the State; and, at Newburgh, Washington's onetime headquarters.

On the eastern side of the Hudson and over toward the Connecticut and Massachusetts State lines, lie the Taconic Mountains, with noted spots of beauty and summer-vacation opportunities, containing also some important industrial and resort communities, including Poughkeepsie, Yonkers, and White Plains.

New York City, at the mouth of the Hudson, annually is visited by millions of persons, and is recognized, strange as it may seem, as the greatest summer resort of the country. New York City's attractions alone would require a book to enumerate.

Long Island, with two of the largest boroughs of New York City on its territory, provides one of the finest scenic and resort areas of the State, with splendid ocean beaches along the 127 miles of its southern or Atlantic shore. These include the celebrated Jones Beach State Park and many others. On its north shore, along Long Island Sound, are more fine beaches and several State parks. The interior of the Island is rolling countryside and wooded hills, with fine farms and numerous large estates. At Easthampton is the boyhood home of John Howard Payne, author of *Home, Sweet Home;* at Southampton is the "Hollyhocks House," erected in 1660; and at Sag Harbor is the Whalers' Museum. At Huntington is the Nathan Hale Monument and the birthplace of Walt Whitman, while at Oyster Bay are the grave and shrine of Theodore Roosevelt.

Forum Quiz Answers

1. (*a*) "*The smaller is drawn to the larger and often completely consumed, dear, like the moth in the flame.*" [Cause: gravity.]
2. (*b*) *The U. S. will resist the efforts of any European nation to conquer or control the destinies of any American country.* [Originator: President Monroe, in 1823.]
3. (*b*) *curling*
4. (*c*) "*Wind, Sand and Stars,*" *by Antoine de St. Exupéry*
5. (*e*) *Chicago*
6. (*b*) *Wilbur Cross* [called Uncle Toby after a character from Lawrence Sterne's *Tristram Shandy,* on which he often lectured]
7. *solilloquizing* [Should be "soliloquizing."]
8. (*d*) *fish are a little hard of hearing* [But this is no great handicap, considering the low level of conversation at the bottom of a creek.]
9. (*c*) *Cromwell*
10. (*d*) *At the breakfast table a clergyman's wife need not call him "Reverend."* [Score two points for any other answer.]
11. (*a*) *Germany as yet has no death ray capable of annihilating large numbers of troops.* [See February Forum.]
12. (*c*) *Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico*
13. (*c*) *bobsledding*
14. (*d*) *Mme. Albert Lebrun* [All but President's Wife Lebrun are fashion designers.]
15. (*e*) "*The Man Who Came to Dinner*" [Two other companies now playing on the road, one with Woollcott himself in the leading role.]
16. *All answers correct.* [This is a matter of personal opinion.]
17. (*d*) *machine-tool*
18. (*a*) *the melodie*
19. (*d*) *moaning of the bar*
20. (*c*) *sounded like the ideas Art was trying to convey*
21. (*b*) *Johann Rudolf Wyss* [a Swiss professor, of over a century ago]
22. (*a*) *Benjamin Franklin*
23. (*c*) *Nylon* [will be used mainly for hosiery but also for textiles, etc.]
24. (*c*) *Martha Berry* [founder of Berry Schools at Mt. Berry, Georgia]
25. (*b*) "*It means to block the wheel.*" ["Sprag" is a block or stitch of wood; "trundle" is a low wheel. Two points for other answers.]

The Quiz Editor is embarrassed and apologetic over having said, in February, that Colonel Batista was the new President of Cuba. But he would have been, if the election hadn't been postponed at the last minute!

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TOASTS

LEWIS GALANTIÈRE was head of the foreign-intelligence department of the Federal Reserve Bank from 1926, when he came from Paris to live in New York, until 1939, when he resigned in order to devote his time to writing a book on German political thought. He is the author of numerous translations from the French and German, as well as a satirical novel (*France Is Full of Frenchmen*) and a play (*And Be My Love*).

ROBERT R. MULLEN, a newspaperman who began work in the West in 1929, for the Scripps-Howard organization, is Assistant City Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*. For the past year or so he has also put in considerable time on special interpretative stories.

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN, often known as "Wild Bill," Colonel and commanding officer of the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth" Infantry in the World War, during which he was decorated a number of times, is a practicing lawyer in New York and Washington. In 1932 he was the Republican candidate for the governorship of New York State.

ENID GRIFFIS is a New Yorker who holds down a part-time publicity job. She has also published several short stories and articles and edited two books by other writers.

J. B. PRIESTLY, the well-known English novelist and playwright, is passing the war months, at present, in a secluded part of England, where he continues his writing.

SIR ALFRED WATSON was Editor of the *Calcutta Statesman* from 1925 to 1933.

HARRY ELMORE HURD is a New Englander who served as a chaplain in the World War, has traveled widely, and written a great deal of verse as well as stories and essays.

ELIZABETH DREW'S article, "The Poet and His Audience," is from her book entitled *Directions in Modern Poetry*, written in collaboration with J. L. Sweeney and shortly to be published by the W. W. Norton Co.

STIRLING THOMPSON'S interest in Puerto Rico began when he spent several years as a resident of the island Territory. Since that time he has kept in close touch with affairs there.

C. S. MARSH was the first Educational Director of the CCC, from January, 1934, to April, 1935. He is Vice President of the American Council on Education, in Washington, where he resides, and is the author of *Adult Education in a Community*.

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